Treasures of Mesnadery and Other Poems

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THE TREASURES OF WEINSBERG AND OTHER POEMS

By DAVID WILLIAM McCOURT

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DEDICATION

To her whose love, far-reaching through the years,
Each sorrow shares and every joy endears;
Whose generous spirit every failing hides,
Seeks every good and every ill divides;
Whose kindling sympathies have blunted grief,
And made the pangs of harsh misfortune brief;
Whose pure desires beyond the hearth ne'er roam,
But find their sphere in Mother, Wife and Home;
This humble tribute of my muse I bring;
These simple lays, by love inspired, I sing;
Twine modest wreaths of the wild-flowers of song
For those fair brows—to me forever young.
This sincere homage could I well refuse,
Since love and beauty still incite the muse?
Nor less from him who, while his lays are spun,
Finds love and beauty and the muse in one?
What to the poet were the richest prize
Without the dear approval of Love's eyes?
In vain the world may panegyrics coin,
Unless the lips we prize the dearest join.
All that is worthiest, all that's sweet and fair,
Dear Sympathy is first to find it there;
First to point error with the tenderest art,
And draw the venom from the critic's dart.
No Strephon I to tire you with his sighs;
No Corydon, mad from his mistress' eyes;
No charm of Chloe or Phyllis here I fife,
But the tried merits of a virtuous wife.

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PROEM

When Apollo, harp in hand,
Journeyed to the Pythian land,
By Olympus' gates he strayed,
And his sweetest numbers played.
Ceased the gods celestial cares,
Audience gave and praised his airs;
And the muses joined and sang,
Till Olympian echoes rang,
With the ills of men below,
Notes of sorrow and of woe,
With the bliss of gods above,
Themes of pleasure and of love.
Horai, Hebe, Harmonia,
Lightly tripped each moving lay,
Till admiring gods and men
Reconciled their hearts again,—
Men to homage, gods to bless,
Filling earth with happiness.
Thus disciples of Apollo
In their master's footsteps follow;
At the gates of mortal pain,
Chanting love's endearing strain,
Still they seek to reconcile
Men to all their good and ill;
Woe or pleasure, fear or hope,
Caught in life's strange horoscope,
Chant till fates and men agree,
Soothed by song to harmony;
Waiting in fame's grand odeon
The reward of "Io Paeon."

THE TREASURES OF WEINSBERG

A Tale of Chivalry.

Come, gather round me children,
And listen while I sing
A tale of German chivalry,
When Conrad Third was king:
Pile wood upon the glowing hearth,
The night is growing cold;
And while we watch the cheerful flames,
We'll sing of fair and faithful dames,
And gallant knights and bold.

THE TREASURES OF WEINSBERG.

PRELUDE.

I.

From lofty Alpine summits
To the dark northern brine
Rolls the enchanted river,—
The deep and winding Rhine;
Here rise the terraced vineyards,
There wave the fields of corn;
While happy peasants come and go,
As ceaseless as the waters flow—
The free, the mountain-born.

II.

"My fadder-land!" the Saxon
Cries, with uplifted hand;
And breathes a benediction
On his good native land.
In memory he wanders
Down vistas of the years;
While to his happy vision come
Some glimpses of a Rhenish home,
Through mists of gathering tears.

III.

Nor turn alone Teutonic hearts
To that old German home;
Dear are her hills to all the world,
Nor least to those who roam.
Ah! Nature, Freedom, Glory!
These three the gods enshrine,
To guard with rock and sword and pen,
And keep inviolate to men,
The glories of the Rhine.

IV.

Green are the vales of Neckar,
Where bloom and blush the vine;
And dark the Swabian mountains,
With waving seas of pine;
From Baden's hills to meet the Ill's
A hundred streams rush down,
By many a wild and lonely bower,
By many a ruined urbe and tower,
And many an ancient town.

V.

Here nestles beauteous Alsace
Beside the Vosgos Range;
Blighted by war and pillage,
And chafing under change.
Now shouts she for the "fadder land,"
Now cries, "Vive la France!"
And like the shuttle in the loom,
Flies to and fro the woof of doom,
And shifts the threads of chance.

VI.

Where once the shout of battle
Echoed along the Main
Resound the jocund shout and song
Of the Bavarian swain;
And Saxon girls, with flaxen curls,
The purple clusters tread
Where Isar once, in darker flood,
Bore down old Germany's best blood
From mountains of her dead.*

VII.

Here dwell a free-born people,
Proud of their heritage,
Bequeathed by patriots of old,
Preserved from age to age.
Civilis and Arminius
Who rose their land to save;
Civilis her bold champion,
Arminius her Washington,—
"The bravest of the brave."†

VIII.

Now hark the martial numbers,
And hear the measured tread!
Lo! Freedom's guarantees appear,
So beautiful, but dread.

*The battle of Hohenlinden.
† A tribute of Napoleon to the gallant Marshal Ney, in acknowledgement of his dauntless courage and reckless daring.

These are the trusty legions
Whose triumphs sound afar;
The flowers of their country these,—
Her ornament in days of peace—
Her strong defense in war.

IX.

Scions of Cimbrian heroes!
Sons of the glorious dead,
Whose spirits to Valhalla
Long ages since have fled!
From mountains to the ocean
They measured Freedom's home;
And stayed with uncorrupted hands
The desecrator of their lands,—
The proud, rapacious Rome.*

X.

And still that ground is sacred
Where patriots have stood,
And baptized infant Liberty
In founts of holy blood.
Each rock, each glen is dear to men
By virtue of some deed;

*The Romans were never successful in their attempts to conquer the German tribes, but were themselves finally vanquished by the hardy Northmen, who for several centuries had the Italian crown at their disposal, and whose emperors added to their native appellation that of "King of Italy."

Each tower a shrine for bright romance,
Where errant knight, with broken lance,
On gory shield shall still advance,
And quaff fame's cup of mead.

XI.

Still Fancy can repeople
The scenes of other days;
Still heroes rise to battle,
And triumph in our lays;
For love and manly valor
Are more than poet's dream;
And we forget that arms grow old,
And feeling wake in hearts grown cold
With each engaging theme.

XII.

Oh! like a bright oasis
Amid the waste of years,
Through the dark scenes of carnage,
One worthy act appears.
So may it live forever,
And future ages bring
Fresh tributes of immortal bays,
And twine forget-me-nots of praise
For Conrad Third, the King!

THE TREASURES OF WEINSBERG.

I.

Conrad of Hohenstaufen
  Was on the German throne;
From all the hills in Swabia
  The trumpets loud were blown;
From Coblentz flew the tidings
  Far up the Rhine and down,
How the imperial princes all,
Intent upon proud Henry's fall,
  Called Conrad to the crown.

II.

Great joy ran through Franconia,
  With noble Conrad's fame;
While all the loyal burghers
  Their fealty proclaim;
And on high Hohenstaufen Berg,
  That scowls o'er Danube's flood,
The ensigns of his royal line,
With all their added glories shine,
  Inflaming hostile blood.

III.

Proud Henry of Bavaria,
By right of King Lothaire,
Would contest Hohenstaufen's right
The purple robes to wear;
And ere his favored rival
The sceptre took in hand,
The voice of envy sent afar
The angry challenges of war,
And shook the peaceful land.

IV.

Then sent he forth a summons
To every worthy Welf,
Who would be faithful to the pope,
And loyal to himself,
To meet beneath his banners
Along the River Main;
The kingdom of the Rhine to wrest,
And snatch the crown and purple vest
From Conrad and his train.

V.

From many an ancient castle
That frowns above the Rhine;
From many a hamlet on the crags
Where Alpine summits shine;
From all the hills in Saxony
The zealous rebels crowd
Around the standards of their liege,
To serve through combat, march and siege
Vain Henry, called the "Proud."

VI.

The woodsman from the forest
Threaded by Elba's rills;
The peasant from his cabin
On the Thuringian Hills;
The fisherman from his lone hut,
By Danube's stately tide;
Heroes from Brunswick and Lorraine,
Who fought on many a bloody plain,
Gathered to Henry's side.

VII.

A hundred chieftains kept their tryst
Along the ancient Limes,—*
Landmarks of German valor,
Rome built in olden times.
Upon the great stone altars,
Hard by the sacred oaks,
They pledged the sacrifice of war,
As once to Woden, Frey and Thor
Their rude ancestral folks.

VIII.

Spake Henry to the leader
Of every rebel clan:
"Since all may get who have the power,
And all may keep who can;

* Fortifications built by the Romans along the banks of the Danube to obstruct the predatory incursions of the German tribes.

Since you must choose to sweat as slaves,
Or conquerors to bleed,
I pledge to each victorious chief,
Beyond the spoils of war, a fief,
And from the skull of Conrad, thief!
To quaff a cup of mead."*

IX.

The great Hyrcanian Forest †
Resounded far and nigh
With "Kyrie Eleison,"‡
The German battle cry.
And schooling for the carnage,
And training for the fight,
They passed the time in mimic fray,
Or hunting the wild boar by day,
And feasting all the night.

X.

Now the proud house of Swabia,
Illustrious in arms,
Received the challenge of the foe,
Unmoved by war's alarms.

*An allusion to the alleged custom of the German victors, who are said to have celebrated their triumphs by drinking mead from the skulls of their vanquished foes.

†This name was probably given to the whole wooded portion of Germany, as its vast extent would preclude the possibility of its being identified with any local forest, Cæsar describing it as being sixty days' journey in length and nine in width.

‡Kyrie Eleison, (Lord have mercy!) The cry uttered by the soldiers of Henry I. in the desperate charge against the Hungarians, whom they defeated in the bloody battle of Keuschberg, 933 A. D.

The loyal margraves gather,
And vassals of the crown,
To ratify the nation's choice,
And give the people's wishes voice,
Nor yet forget their own.

XI.

To Aix they summoned Conrad,
Where the great council sat,
And bade him strip his Saxon garb,*
And doff his soldier's hat;
And clad in Frankish purple,
On the great marble stool,
They crowned him like the kings of France,
With all the pomp that courts enhance,
And tendered him the golden lance,
Symbol of golden rule.

XII.

The court of Hohenstaufen
Is merry with the feast;
Knights from the West have gathered there,
Crusaders from the East;

* The nobles and vassals of the crown had been summoned from all German lands, and at Aix la Chapelle they did homage to Otto as Charles the Great's successor and as king of the Franks.

Otto had laid aside his Saxon garb, for it was a recognized principle that the king, from whatever stem he might be chosen, must live according to Frankish law and custom.—*Henderson, History of Germany in Middle Ages.*

And minnesingers from the guilds
Chivalrous lyrics sing,
Of gallant deeds in love and war,
Of doughty knights and ladies fair,
And make the palace ring.

XIII.

Of Nibelonig heroes,
Their feuds and daring deeds;
Their battles for their county,
Their suffering for their creeds.
The loves, the intrigues and the crimes
Of Brunhild and Siegfried;
Of old Sir Hildebrand, the bold;
Of Gunther, Chriemhild, later told
In Nibelungen lied.

XIV.

Of days of knightly valor,
When man to war was bred;
And to his arm's dishonor
Preferred to lose his head;
When woman caught the spirit
Of boldness from the times,
And with a scourge her lord did meet,
Who had been vanquished, for defeat
Was then the worst of crimes.*

*There is a story that when the Saxons and Thuringians came home defeated from a battle with these people, (the Magyars), their wives rose up and flogged them well for their cowardice. —*Yonge.*

XV.

When wives went forth to battle,
To animate their lords;
Incite to deeds of bravery,
And whet revengeful swords.
Nor yet amid the slaughter
Less feminine were found;
For love amid the carnage flew,
And with its lips the poison drew
From many a bloody wound.*

XVI.

They sang of great Arminius,
Their country's saviour called;—
Arminius the hero
Of Teutoberger Wald.
How Varus and his legions
Came forth in martial pride;
Were trapped in forests, deep and black,
With tireless patriots on their track;
"O, Varus, give my legions back!"
In vain Augustus cried.†

*It was the custom for the families of soldiers to accompany them to battle in order to witness the bravery of their husbands, brothers and sons, to draw the blood from their wounds with their lips, and to carry them meat and drink while under fire. —*Lieb, History Emperor William I.*

† For several months the emperor abandoned himself to transports of grief, during which he frequently exclaimed, 'Varus, Varus, restore me my legions!' and he observed the fatal day as a mournful solemnity until his death.—*Menzies' History of Germany.*

XVII.

And how at Roncesvalles,
Amid the Pyrenees,
Roland, the mighty paladin,
Hewed down the Navarrese;
And fought the fiery Saracens,
A hundred thousand strong;
And Ethiopians and Moors,
And pagans from Carthaginian shores,
In battle fierce and long.

XVIII.

How with but fifty warriors,
Who ne'er a foe had shun,
He fought the heathen forces,
A thousand to his one.
And how one mighty blast he blew
Adown the bloody chase,
And saved all Christendom from thrall,
As told by every Rolandsaul,
In every market place.*

* Two pillars or posts were the tokens of home and settlement to the Germans. They were planted at the gates of their villages and towns, where one was called the Ermansaul, the other the Rolandsaul.—*Yonge, History of Germany.*

Grimm suspects a connection between the Roland statues and those old Teutonic pillars of which the Irminsul, destroyed by Charlemagne, is the best known example.—*Encyclopædia Britannica.*

XIX.

How Otto fought the Magyars
Upon the River Leeh,
Till all its waters, red with blood,
Ran down unto the sea;
Till of the Austrian army,—
Bohemia's strength and pride,
But seven lived to carry home
The story of the fearful doom,
Where sixty-thousand died.

XX.

How proud Lothar, the king of France,
By pride exalted high,
Threatened to enter Germany,
And drink her rivers dry;
How Charles came down to Achen,
By force of spear and lance,
And turned the golden eagles' beaks
To point across the mountain peaks,
Toward the hills of France.

XXI.

Thus sang the minnesingers,
While Saxon damsels dance;
Each warrior timing on his shield
The numbers with his lance.

The fiddler of Burgundy
Had there found better cheer,
Than when on Etzelburg's dark night
He fiddled on through feast and fight,—
The fight that cost him dear.*

XXII.

See, proudly flies the standard,
By the twin eagles borne,—
Those royal birds whose plumage
No vulture e'er had torn! †
And all around the palace
It was a goodly sight
To see the knights before their tents,
Engaged in jousts and tournaments,
Preparing for the fight.

XXIII.

And through their ranks rode Conrad
Upon his goodly steed,
Reviewing all the loyal hosts
That he was called to lead.

---

* Folker, the mighty fiddler of Burgundy, fiddling wildly till he too joined in the fray, and then Dietrich's men burst in, and all were killed but old Sir Hildebrand, who, on his side, slew the mighty fiddler, so that of all the Burgundians only Gunther and Hagen were left.—*Yonge.*

† Conrad was the first Kaiser to use the standard of the double eagle. Probably suggested to him by that of Greece, which he had seen in one of the crusades.

His lance and golden helmet
  Gleamed in the morning sun;
A pretty sight it was to see
The king—the tallest German he,—
  And the most manly one.*

XXIV.

The veteran leaders marshalled
  Their true and tried brigades;
Loudly their trumpets sounded,
  And brightly flashed their blades,
As forth they went to battle
  Proud Henry's rebel hordes;
A staunch and formidable force,—
Twelve-thousand foot, five-thousand horse,
  Well armed with spears and swords.

XXV.

Then Conrad bade the barons
  Of all the ancient halls
To lay provisions in the bergs,
  And strengthen all their walls;
To bring the warriors' children,
  The women and the old,
To find protection from their foes,
Till the distracting wars should close,
  Within the guarded hold.

* A poet, contemporary with Charlemagne, employs similar language in describing the great king.

XXVI.

Proud Henry drew his forces up
In battle's grim array
To meet the hosts of Henry
Now eager for the fray;
And while the buglers loudly call,
Foemen with spear and targe,
Are meeting in the deadly strife,
Reckless of loss of limb or life,
In many a gallant charge.

XXVII.

Along the front of battle
King Conrad fiercely rode,
And all about his charger's path
The enemy he mowed.
And knights before his prowess
Fled back in wild alarm,
For as the lightning rends the oak,
So fell his foes before the stroke
Of that most potent arm.*

XXVIII.

At many a fierce encounter,
The rival armies stood:
And many a field in Germany
Was richer for their blood;

* At the siege of Damascus, Conrad is said to have displayed admirable courage and daring, and to have cut off the arm and head of a Saracen with one blow of his sword.

And many a worthy noble,
And many a doughty knight,
Answered no more at the roll-call,
But lay unburied by the wall
They sought to win in fight.

XXIX.

And many a glorious feat in arms
Was done by heroes there;
Ready with blade to follow
The leader bold to dare.
But, oh! it was a fearful sight
To mark the plain beneath,
Where foes in the embrace of hate
Rushed madly to the brink of fate,
And found a mutual death.

XXX.

And many a lonely widow
Has watched through gathering tear,
And vainly listened for the step
Of her bold cavalier;
And many a weeping orphan
Has mourned his murdered sire;
And many a maiden's heart grew cold
Despairing for her lover bold,
Slain by the sword and fire.

XXXI.

For the decisive struggle
On Werra's banks they met;
Each leader bent on victory,
His sword had keenly whet.
But "truce" was hoarsely whispered;
"Truce" answered back again;
While a good monk his cask undrapes,
And cries: "Lets shed the blood of grapes,
But not the blood of men!" *

XXXII.

And so in jolly slaughter
Of good Falernian wine,
All spite and rancor yielded
To feelings more divine.
And they who fell upon that field
A lighter slumber found,
Than they who drain the goblet brewed
In civic strife and deadly feud,
And malice passes round.

---

* It was agreed, however, instead of fighting, to make truce, and the Saxons expressed their willingness to renew their allegiance to Conrad and to submit their complaints to a general Diet to be held in Worms. The day ended, not, as everyone had expected, in bloodshed, but in a mild carouse, the Archbishop of Treves being discovered to have opportunely brought with him as baggage a considerable quantity of wine.—*Henderson, History of Germany in Middle Ages.*

XXXIII.

Dear to the hearts of all his hosts
Was Conrad, strong and brave;
Who shared their every peril,
And hope and courage gave.
And even his prisoners of war
No longer were his foes;
And seldom wished or sought release,
Preferring slavery with these
To liberty with those.

XXXIV.

But Henry was a tyrant,
Harsh, insolent and vain;
A selfish, cruel rebel,
Whose soul had many a stain.
And many a dark, atrocious deed,
And many a deed of shame,
He perpetrated on the bands
That fell into his ruthless hands,
Their loyal zeal to tame.

XXXV.

But ever for the despot
There lurks the deadly blade;
And retribution comes at last,
Though often long delayed.
And wrongs that rankle in the heart
There fan the growing fire,
Till vengeance, hot with passion, springs,
Like the volcanic flame, and flings
Its lava-floods of ire.

XXXVI.

Then ran there through the dual hosts
  The rumor strange and dread
That Henry, leader of the Welfs,
  Lay in his armor dead.
Nor bruise of spear, nor gash of sword,
  Was on his body found;
Nor ebbed away in outward flood
His life, in crimson tides of blood,
  From any gaping wound.*

XXXVII.

Yet death had laid a warrior low,
  Who late a king defied;
The heart that would not bow to man
  Was humbled in its pride.
And for a space grim War shrank back,
  As if in awe and dread,
Even at the vanquished tyrant's feet,
Dismayed that frown of hate to meet
  On the face of the dead.

XXXVIII.

As falls the tall, but blasted pine,
  Struck by the bolt of heaven,
So fell the proud aspirant,
  By Death from power riven.

*The true cause of Henry's death is unknown; but he was probably the victim of poison by the hand of some follower who had a wrong to revenge.

For Fate with him had kept the tryst
That suffers no abuse;
No "Field of Falsehood" found he there,*
The Knight of the Pale Horse who dare
May never hope for truce.

XXXIX.

By the giants of cold and darkness
Borne off to Jotenheim,
To Hel, Loki's pale daughter,
He answers every crime;
In realms of frost and shadow
Sits the grim tyrant now;†
Alone his weary hours to drag,
Forever chained beneath the crag,
Where serpents spit, with ceaseless fag,
The venom on his brow. ‡

XL.

But brief the truce that death could bring
To men, warlike and bold,
Who little recked of life or limb,
In those dark days of old;

* The field near Colmar, where, in the battle with his sons, the men of King Louis deserted him, just as the engagement was about to begin.

† The ancient Germans believed that they who did not gain an entrance to Valhalla, the Hall of the Slain, became the prisoners of Hel, daughter of Loki, and were obliged to live in her frigid, sunless and barren land, the companions of her bondage.

‡ Such was the punishment accorded Loki, the evil god in the old mythology.

Then honor lived in savage deeds,
And power in a strong hand;
When he who drenched his land with gore
Was called the "Great," although he bore
The despot's curséd brand.

XLI.

Oh! may earth never see again
Such stern and awful times,
When Might trod on neck of Right,
Omnipotent through crimes!
Still kings, like old Attila,
Are at best the "Scourge of God,"
For they subvert the general good,
And mar the peace with petty feud,
And sway oppression's rod.

XLII.

And neither loss of leader,
Nor good Falernian cheer,
Could heal in Welfish bosoms
The wounds of rancor's spear;
For vengeance was a duty
That chivalry had schooled;
While pity, love, in monks divine,
Were weaknesses quite feminine,
No manly bosom ruled.

XLIII.

Now Conrad finds a foeman
More worthy of himself,
In Henry's valiant brother—
The warrior-baron Welf,
Who on the River Neckar,
By Weinsberg's castled peak,
Rallies the remnant of his band,
'Gainst Conrad's force to make a stand,
Like Greek opposing Greek.

XLIV.

'Twas in the year one-thousand-
One-hundred and two score,
That knights on that historic field
Armorial ensigns bore;
And Germans in that famous fight
Had German foes to face,
Burning to battle and to bleed
For cause of country, crown and creed,
And urge the bloody chase.

XLV.

As rushes down the avalanche
From Jungfrau's stormy breast,
So rushed the knights to battle
In charges hotly pressed;
While Victory, fickle mistress,
Whom kings in vain pursue,
Capricious, flitted to and fro,
To either faction friend or foe,
As Fortune gave the clue.

XLVI.

Thus pendulated triumph,
As fierce battalions swept;
And from the tower, looking down,
Full many a mother wept,
Like Niobe, to see her sons
Lie bleeding on the sod;
And many a supplicating prayer,
And many a loud cry of despair,
Rose from those towers to God.

XLVII.

But louder than their prayers and cries,
Rose the shrill sound of battle,
Where swords on helmets loudly ring,
And spears on targes rattle.
And Neckar, turbulent and strong,
Through fields of corn and vine,
Darkened by many a crimson stain,
Bore down the bodies of the slain
To the bosom of the Rhine.

XLVIII.

And when the sun went down that day
Upon the field of slaughter,
It saw a sight may I ne'er see,
Where blood flowed free as water;
And Welf was praying for the night
To spread its sable pall
Over the scenes of his defeat,
And darkly cover his retreat
To Weinsberg's friendly wall.

XLIX.

And when o'er the Thuringian Hills
The rosy morn looked down,
The light revealed a ghastly field,
Held by the dead, alone.
While from the castle's turrets
Welf's tattered banners wave
A faint defiance to the foe,
That now beleaguer him below,
He dares no longer brave.

L.

Strong was the ancient fortress,
Founded upon a rock;
Oft had its massive walls hurled back
Grim war's convulsive shock,
When strove the feudal barons,
The chiefs of plundering hordes,
Who held their own with a strong hand,
And laid in tribute all the land
By virtue of their swords.

LI.

From Conrad's tent a messenger
Rode with a flag of white
To call a truce to all the knights,
Armed to renew the fight;
To summon to a parley
The chiefs from tower and field,
That Welf might meet with Wablinger,
On terms of amity confer,
And each concession yield.

LII.

Now Conrad offered to the Welfs,
  Would they capitulate,
Immunity from treason's charge,
  And each his old estate,
If all unarmed his troops would march
  Down through the castle gate;
For Conrad, like a noble foe,
Loved better far to ward a blow,
  Than to exterminate.

LIII.

But Welf was stern and haughty,
  Burning with noble zeal,
And would not listen to the king's
  Magnanimous appeal;
But still would trust the chances
  Of war to win his cause;
To make the rights of Henry known,
And set the "Lion" * on the throne,
  Though chieftains bade him pause.

LIV.

"Now beat down the portcullis
  That guards the castle gate,
And tear away the wicket,
  And hew away the grate!

* Son of Henry the Proud.

Press down upon the sallyport,
And scale the parapet,
Till on the frowning ramparts high
We shall o'erpower the foe, or die
Where valiant foes are met!"

LV.

Thus resolute spake Conrad,
And loud arose the cheer,
As warriors stormed the fortress
With beam and axe and spear.
To battlement and turret
Their mighty blows resound;
But harmlessly they fall as rain
Might patter on the window-pane;
In vain the warriors pound.

LVI.

"Ho, Welf! ho, Welf!" cries Wablinger;
"Ho, Wablinger!" cries Welf;*
"Now prove your German hardihood!"
"Let each man knight himself!"
"Down with the proud usurper!"
"Now pay each ancient grudge!
And who shall womanishly cry
For quarter, let him basely die,
And vengeance be his judge!"

* The terms "Welf" and "Wablinger" as distinguished factions, were first used by the Germans in the siege of Weinsberg.

LVII.

The archers from the parapet
Let fly their fatal darts;
And spearsmen through th' embrasures
Pierced many gallant hearts;
For every point was guarded
In moat and barbacan
By those who knew that capture meant
Their kingdom lost, their firesides rent,
And death to every man.

LVIII.

"By good Saint Boniface! my boys,
I love a noble foe;
And such we find in every Welf,
Who gives us blow for blow;
For every point of vantage
Is theirs, save only one;
Still unavailing seem our knocks
Against those dark and massive rocks;
'Tis human flesh to stone.

LIX.

"Against those guarded towers
Our force may not prevail,
But we can send an ally
Yet never known to fail;
For when the spear and sabre
Have swept the town and field,
Gaunt Famine follows in their train,
And lofty donjons frown in vain,
For stoutest hearts must yield."

LX.

And so the strategies of war
The Wablingers pursue
By leaving to stern hunger
The effort to subdue.
Then, safe from arms of foeman,
In mole they quaff their cheer;
Where neither wail of infant dying,
Nor anguish of a mother crying,
Could vex the warrior's ear.

LXI.

Oh! worthy are the heroes
Who for their country die;
And bards exalt them in their lays,
And sound their praises high;
But there are those who suffer,
And hide their grief and pain,
Wasting with hunger, woe and care,
Yet battling on against despair,
When human hopes seem vain.

LXII.

And in that dark and dreadful siege,
With famine for their foe,
How many a noble deed was done
The world will never know;
For death and tribulation
Bring man to feel for man;
And bid the heart forget its hate
In impulses to mitigate
Misfortune's cruel ban.

LXIII.

Pride is a mighty passion
To nerve through thick and thin;
And till the berg's supplies gave out,
Proud Welf would not give in;
But when the final crust went round,
Nor hoped for succor came,
His soul was bowed, for he could trace
Starvation in each meagre face,
That makes the lion tame.

LXIV.

Then brought they in a graybeard,
Whom one had saved from death,
A bard, a priest, a prophet
Of the Druidic faith;
In augury and magic versed,
And astrologic lore,
'Twas said by symbol, omen, sign,
Future and fate he could divine,
And say what fortune bore.

XLV.

"Now, reverend father, can'st thou read
The book of destiny?
Pray tell me, then, what shifts of chance
The future has for me.
Speak out, old man, thy head's secure;
Thy locks safe-conduct claim;
Nor say me false for gain or fear,
For there be none shall harm thee here,
And none thy craft to blame."

XLVI.

Spake thus Count Welf. Assured, the priest
His occult task began;
First went he up into the tower
Heaven's horoscope to scan.
"What see'st thou in the heavens, sage,
That darkens thus thy brow?"
"Look, warrior, see athwart the night
Now Woden hurls his shafts of light;
O'er Weinsberg's towers they take their flight
The Valkyr beckon now." *

LXVII.

Then brought he forth the runic rods,
And spread the cloth of white,
As old Abruna long ago,
Ere Cimbrians went to fight;
On each he cut the mystic signs
And carved with studious skill;
Then thrice he called upon the gods,
And thrice he chose the runic rods,
And thrice they augured ill.

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* Shooting stars were held to be the track of weapons carried to supply the fresh comers into Valhalla.—*Yonge.*
The Valkyrs were the choosers of the elect to the halls of the slain.

LXVIII.

Now overhead the bird of night
Begins his doleful lays,
And by the postern gate a steed
Full long and loudly neighs;*
The seer looked at the baron,
The baron at the seer;
And each upon the other's face
The import of those sounds could trace
In lines of awe and fear.

LXIX.

Then in a solemn voice the priest
Unto the warrior spake:
"A hope forlorn is thine, brave knight,
'Twere best thou should'st forsake;
The auguries have spoken;
Thy fortunes stand at bay;
With honor thou hast served thy cause,
But Justice, Mercy bid thee pause,
And prudence points the way."

LXX.

Then called Welf to his council
The chieftains wise in strife,
Who deemed resistance longer
A useless waste of life;

* The hooting of the owl forboded trouble; and auguries were drawn from the neighing of horses.

For they had suffered on the field,
Through siege had shown their pluck;
But there were infants, daughters, wives,
And yielding now might save their lives,
So the white flag was struck.*

LXXI.

But Conrad stipulated
Conditions now more stern,
For stubbornness in conflict
Makes vengeance deeper burn;
And victors grace their triumphs
Too oft by deeds of shame,
Besmearing history's glorious page
With gory paragraphs of rage,
To win the conqueror's fame.

LXXII.

Then issued he a strange decree,
Which ordered all the wives,
Mothers and daughters of the Welfs,
If yet they prized their lives,
Their liberty, to quit the berg,
And if it was their pleasure,
To carry with them from the hold
Their valuables in goods or gold—
Each one her choicest treasure.

*The garrison of Weinsberg capitulated after a stubborn resistance of eight weeks; and then only because their provisions had given out.

LXXIII.

Now Conrad meant the men should be
His prisoners of war;
But when they had unlocked the gates,
And pulled away the bar,
So that the women might go down
The passage for their flight,
Between the soldiers' parted ranks,
To offer generous Conrad thanks,
The soldiers saw a sight

LXXIV.

That made them frown with anger,
And grasp their spears and swords,
And send a shout through all the hosts
Of dark and threatening words;
For from the berg there issued
Procession strange and long,
Such as was never seen before,
Nor sung in tales of ancient lore,
Nor minnesingers' song.

LXXV.

For every noble woman
Had left behind her pelf,
And on her shoulders bravely bore
Her treasure in a Welf:
Each worthy wife and daughter,
Each sister, sweetheart, mother,
Came tugging stoutly, one by one,
Her husband, lover, or her son,
Her father, or her brother.

LXXVI.

First came th' heroic Countess
With Welf upon her shoulders,
Which well might touch with pity
The hearts of all beholders;
And following on to Conrad's tent
The strange procession came;
And much the king was pleased to see
Such proofs of love and constancy
In every faithful dame.

LXXVII.

For with a mighty effort
They bore their burdens down;
Trembling before the king with fear
Lest they should meet his frown.
Wasted with toil and famine;
By sorrows, losses, fears,
Their hearts o'ercame their weakness there,
Strengthened by love and dark despair;
The king was touched to tears.

LXXVIII.

The knights drew close around them,
Clanking their armor loud;
And murmurs of displeasure
Ran through the armèd crowd;

And lifting up their sabres,
They waited but the nod
To make a finish of their quarrels,
As once on Aller cruel Charles,
By letting Saxon blood.*

LXXIX.

But Conrad bade them be at peace,
And put their weapons by;
And while he spake, pity and love
Were beaming in his eye;
For what the armed power of hate
Had failed to overthrow
Bowed low before the magic wand
Of love, wielded by woman's hand,
Amid despair and woe.

LXXX.

In dread suspense they waited
To hear the stern displeasures
Of Conrad at the quality
Of these, their "choicest treasures;"
"Dames, go in peace, with blessings!"
His kingly voice was heard,
"And bear your treasures as a token
That when your king his word has spoken,
Your king will keep his word.†

* At Verden, on the Aller, Charlemagne butchered in one day 4,500 Saxons who had fallen into his hands.

† Says the historian Zimmerman: "The historical truth of the tale, handed down orally for centuries, has great weight, even against modern objectors."

LXXXI.

"May ever German lovers
Have sweethearts brave as these!
May German husbands still have wives
As true in war or peace!"
And may our German youth still boast
As fond and faithful mothers
As these that here their treasures bear;
And I their toils would rather share
Than be the king of others!

LXXXII.

"Ho! valiant knights, what say you now,
Who hazard deadly wars,
If Venus by her strategies
Can still outgeneral Mars?
Dost thou complain, my Albrecht, who
In love no 'Bear' would'st prove?
When scowled our Otto with alarms
When overcome by woman's charms?
When saw Leopold feats of arms
To match these feats of love?"

LXXXIII.

"Long live the noble Conrad!"
Arose the joyful cry
From every woman as she passed
The king in reverence by;
And in their smiles and praises
He greater triumph found
Than if a hundred victories
His enemies brought to their knees,
By despotism bound.

LXXXIV.

Those war-rent towers have fallen
Before the storms of time
To rise again, through woman's truth
In structure more sublime;
Where acts of sacrificing love
The memories renew
Of those who bowed for others' needs
By those who emulate their deeds,
Remembering Weibertrue.*

LXXXV.

Valhalla too has crumbled
In the twilight of the gods;
No more are borne on dripping shields
Knights to the bright abodes;
From out the mists of battle
Has Frigga's phantom driven;
And factions cease in general peace,
And love and brotherhood increase
Since feudal towers were riven.

LXXXVI.

The dream of Barbarossa
Now realized we see:
The double eagle flies at last
O'er German unity.

* The hill was called Weibertrue, or Woman's Truth; and in 1820 Charlotte, Queen of Wurtemberg, (daughter of George III.), with the other ladies of Germany, built an asylum there for poor women who have been noted for self-sacrificing acts of love. —*Yonge.*

His ghost in old Kylfhauser Berg
  At last may soundly snore;
No more his hopes the ravens mock,
Nor peck his red beard through the rock;
Nor shall the din of battle's shock
  Disturb his slumbers more.*

LXXXVII.

The tyrant's scourge is soon forgot.
  A monarch's deeds of grace,
Survive the wrecks of splendid tombs
  And fame eternal trace
On living records that outlast
  And challenge Time and Death;
Though sceptres rust, crowns turn to dust,
And severed lies the column's bust,
  Love twines anew its wreath.

* A legend still exists showing the always prevailing hope that the unity of the German people might be again realized under the insignia of the double eagle. It is as follows: The ghost of the Emperor Frederick having passed into his castle, Kylfhauser Berg, in Wurtemburg, in a deep cavern there he sits, his arms resting upon a granite table, and sleeps. His yellow beard has grown up through the granite during his long and troubled slumbers. At the end of every century he awakes and asks, "Are the ravens still flying over the mountain?" If answered, "They are, and no eagle has appeared to drive them away," he replies sadly, "Must I then sleep a century more?" —*Lieb, History of Emperor William I.*

LXXXVIII.

Oh! may we still have rulers
  Of noble Conrad's mould,
Who are not tyrannous through power,
  Nor swayed by lust of gold.
And may we still have women
  With hearts as warm and brave,
Who, when our fortunes fickle prove,
With strategems of generous love,
  May cheer, inspire and save.

LXXXIX.

Still German fathers tell their sons
  Of many a gallant deed
Done by their knightly monarch
  For country and for creed.
And ever to their daughters
  The virtues are retold
Of those brave women and the measures
By which they carried off their treasures,
  From Weinsberg's ancient hold.

LYRICS OF LOVE.

The time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
The light that lies
In woman's eyes,
Has been my heart's undoing.

Though Wisdom oft has sought me,
I *scorned the love she brought me;*
My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.

—MOORE.

'TIS THE HOUR WHEN DEWS DESCENDING.

'Tis the hour when dews descending,
  Fall to sleep on flower and tree,
And bright Hesperus is lending
  Rays to guide my steps to thee.
While the far cathedral bell
  Softly chimes the close of day,
Keeping love's dear promise well,
  To renewed delights I stray.

In the shadows of the vines
  Sweet the welcome that discloses
Where expectant love reclines,
  Hidden in her bower of roses;
Leafy vine and shadow, screen us
  From unfriendly, prying eyes!
Guard us well, Love's mother, Venus,
  In the dusk of evening skies.

Softly pause here, fleeting Time,
  'Mid the fragrance of these flowers;
Lovers deem it quite a crime,
  When you steal their precious hours;
All too soon you bid us part,—
  Hour of bliss so quickly over;
Morn may cheer the sorrowing heart,
  But leave twilight to the lover.

LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

There's never a spot beneath heaven's high dome
So dear to the heart as a love-lighted cot,
Where smiles and bright eyes beam their dear welcome home,
And care on the bosom of love is forgot.
How blest from the turmoil of life to retreat
To pleasures that wait by the bright social hearth,
And find in the circle where loved faces meet
That peace that is found no where else upon earth!

Within this dear shrine to our bosoms we fold
The hearts that the fond ties of kindred endear,
The virtues that spring from love's exquisite mould,
The pure aspirations, the hopes bright and clear;
How fondly we guard them with vigilant care,
These treasures that love to our keeping has given;
Though humble our cottage, still, still may it wear
The bright smile of peace and the sunshine of heaven.

Secure in devotion, affection shall kneel,
And Love, our high-priest, his sweet incense shall burn;
His blest inspiration our spirits shall feel,
And every dear hope its fruition return.
From the intrigues of court let the proud monarch fly,
And view for a moment the joys round my door;
Would I barter the least for his crown? No, not I!
With "Love in a Cottage," how could I ask more?

ON THE BEACH.

The sun is dipping in the sea,
The western sky is warm with light,
And from the hills the coming night
Sends shadows tall of rock and tree.

We wander on the lonely sands
That stretch along the narrow beach,
Where love and night and silence teach
A unison of hearts and hands.

We see the white sails of a ship
Sweep 'twixt us and the purple west,
And bearing outward on the breast
Of the blue deep, and as we dip

In the low surf for pearly shell,
We vaguely follow in the mind
Her combat with the sea and wind,
And wish the daring sailors well.

We watch her fade beneath the star
Of eve, bright Hesperus, whose ray
Shall guide her on her devious way,
And light her past the treacherous bar.

We see the deep in sunset shine,
And feel upon our cheeks, aglow,
The winds that from the islands blow,
Ladened with odors of the brine.

Upon one hand the quiet world
Lies in the shadows, half asleep,
And on the other rolls the deep,
About the promontory curled.

And standing in immensity,
Of which we seem the merest parts,
We hear the beating of our hearts
Above the sobbing of the sea.

We hear the murmur of the waves
Complaining to the quiet shore,
And in the shadows just before,
We hear them answered from their caves.

Upon our lips a silence falls,
  And in our minds a sense of awe,
  Makes love to love still closer draw,
Where heart to heart in darkness calls.

Sublime is night when planets roll,
  Unnumbered down the dusky sky;
  Sublime the sea whose waters lie,
Encircling earth from pole to pole:

But more sublime is that emotion
  That heart and soul and mind doth move,—
  That first deep thrill of mutual love,
Mystic as Night—boundless as Ocean.

DRIFTING AND DREAMING.

Rest the oars and let our boat,
  Unpropelled, its course now keep;
Leave the helm and let us float
  With the current of the deep;
  Soft and low the breezes creep,
Scarce a ripple flecks the stream;
  In the shadow Care's asleep,—
Homeward let us drift and dream.

Winding with the shadowy shore,
Slowly, silently we go,
Save the dripping of the oar
On the lily-leaves below.
Draw me close and whisper low!
Holy now the moments seem:
Over, under bright stars glow;
Far from earth we drift and dream.

Far behind us let us leave
Sights and sounds that rudely jar
On the senses while they weave
Round our hearts a web of care;
Let to-morrow bring its share,—
Dull pursuits of fruitless themes;
But to-night we drift afar
In the shadowy realm of dreams.

Of the past no thought is ours;
Dreams of future are more pleasant,—
Picturing in Elysian bowers
Bliss whose earnest is the present:
And though fading like the crescent
In the light of morn, we deem
Love and joy less evanescent
In these days of which we dream.

See! the light begins to break
From the sky along the river,
Rudely from our dreams to wake,—
Would that they might last forever!

One dear pledge and then we sever,—
Pledge I shortly shall redeem,
When you shall be mine forever,—
Blissful ending of our dream!

THE EXILE.

When Luna o'er the eastern isles is straying;
When hangs the vesper star above the west;
When low winds over flowery meadows playing
Bring to the world a sense of peace and rest;
I visit the low mound where May reposes,
I burden with my sighs the evening breeze;
And o'er my love, low sleeping, scatter roses,
Ere I depart to rove the distant seas.

Death taught my heart through love a bitter sorrow,
And I each day the lesson here rehearse;
And I shall not forget its truths to-morrow,
Nor distance shall their memories disperse.
My heart beneath this cypress tree I bury,
Love ne'er can animate nor beauty please;
What care I now if life be sad or merry?
I seek oblivion in the distant seas.

Through unknown climes, on shore or on the ocean,
Foredoomed by fate, I shape my course to stray;
Impelled to wander from that one emotion,—
Earth hath no resting place without my May.
One longing, lingering look I cast behind me,
To mark the mound beneath the cypress trees;
But, oh! the tears of sad regret they blind me,—
An exile doomed to rove the distant seas.

But, see! my ship already chides her moorings;
The winds are urging her with them to fly,
So I must cease my murmurings and implorings;
The dews of sorrow now must quit mine eye.
Wild Patagonia's rugged rocks will cheer me;
The desert with my withered heart agrees;
Since all is lost that did to life endear me,
Sail on, my barque, toward the distant seas!

A LOVER'S DILEMMA.

Edith has dancing eyes,
'Neath drooping lashes,
Like night with clouded skies
When lightning flashes.
Oft has her conquering glance
Pierced my heart like a lance:
Late I discover
For conquest she doth rove,
Never in quest of love;
How can I love her?

Irene has flaxen curls;—
Cheeks like two peaches;—
Teeth like two rows of pearls
On wave-kissed beaches.
But for those pearls and peaches
Her lover must have riches;
All the world over
Beauty would sell herself
For the vain love of pelf;
How can I love her?

Julia has many a grace;
Manners quite charming;
Beauty of form and face,
All hearts disarming.
But Julia's proud and vain,
Treating with cold disdain
Love's humble trover:
Fashion her heart doth move
More than the words of love;
How can I love her?

Martha has herds and flocks,
Broad lands and money;
But Martha my suit mocks,—
Martha's not sunny.
Love has no armament
Proof 'gainst a termagant;
How can I love her?
Who, be he old or young,
Can bridle woman's tongue,
Come he and prove her.

If you could show a miss
With eyes of Edith;
Lips of Irene to kiss
Whene'er love heedeth;
Julia's resplendent charms,
Ripe for a lover's arms,
Mansions above her;
Did every lovely grace
Martha's wealth interlace,
Think I could love her?

Though she has homely ways,
  Shy, plain and modest,
Speaks truth in all she says,
  Of girls the oddest;
Though she has little wealth,
Save virtue, sense and health,
  She'll lack no lover;
When such a maid I find,
If she's to love inclined,
  I'll be no rover.

LOVE'S SECRET.

I've a secret to tell to you, Maude,
  That none but you should hear,
So come with me to the quiet grove,
  And I'll whisper it in your ear.
How soft are the tints of the sky!
  How lovely the hues of the flowers!
    How pleasant to dream
    By this rippling stream
  In these quiet woodland bowers!

My secret? Ah! yes, I forgot;
Come, let me draw you near!
Ah! your heart avows in tumultuous beat
You have guessed the secret, my dear.
Those busy gossips, the eyes,
The stumbling tongue outrun,
And tattle love's lore
A thousand times o'er
Ere the tardy lips have begun.

THE DEAREST HOUR.

The dearest hour of all the twenty-four,
Hour doubly blest—from care and sorrow free—
Is that which brings the prattlers to my knee,
Leaving their playthings scattered on the floor!
Ah! here the trinity that I adore,—
Love, Joy and Peace, I worship in each elf,
In whom I live again—my younger self—
Thanks, Mother Goose, to thy sweet, mystic lore!
The merry laugh that exorciseth care,
The mischief-speaking eyes that question mine,
The rosy lips that lisp all thinge divine,
The childish moods 'tis mine with these to share,
Like life-rejuvenating founts keep young
My spirit, else by aging passion wrung.

FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE.

(TO MY WIFE ON THE NINTH ANNIVERSARY OF OUR WEDDING.)

Nine years ago, dear faithful wife,
We sought the altar to rehearse
Our marriage vows and take in life
One path, for better or for worse.

All life before us then seemed bright,
We feared not care's nor sorrow's curse;
Love was our constant, dear delight,
Still growing better, never worse.

Our worldly fortune then was small,
We little cared for wealth of purse,
Rich in affections bright'ning all,
We sought no other, fearing worse.

The fleeting years some joys have slain,
And brought us other hopes to nurse,
But love unaltered keeps its reign,
Still better when our fortune's worse.

Through sorrow's shadows we have passed,
We've seen our fondest hopes disperse;
No clouds our path have e'er o'ercast
But brought us good from seeming worse.

If we have lost in fortune's wheel,
Our hearts to each can reimburse;
If we have gained, still may we feel
We still had love had it been worse.

Experience stern some truths has taught
In ways we thought were plain and terse;
But since the lessons have been wrought,
We know what's better—what is worse.

But taken all in all, the years
Have blest us, nor would we reverse
Their annual rounds of smiles and tears,
For well we know they might be worse.

Nine years! we have forgotten life
Before we knew love's gentle fetter;
And though they all were blest, dear wife,
In love I'm sure they're growing better.

CONSTANCY.

In summer hours,
'Mid sun and showers,
The roving bee flits through the clover;
But seeks no more
The flowery store,
When days of genial skies are over.

Thus fickle love
For sweets will rove,
While pleasure plumes its fitful wing;
But quickly flies
To sunnier skies,
When darker days succeed the spring.

Oh! give to me
Sweet constancy,
That smiles when days are bright and sunny;
Still like the bee
Saves hoardingly,
For darker hours its stores of honey.

WHEN FLOWERS FADE.

When flowers fade where once they bloomed,
  Or bloom no more where once we found them,
With their decay some joy is doomed,—
  The joy that love once shed around them.

When faces we have learned to cherish
  Return no more to bless our sight,
Ah! what can wake the joys that perish
  In bosoms robbed of half their light?

When heart to heart becomes estranged,
  By fondest feelings once united,
How all the world seems cold and changed,
  And all our hopes of bliss are blighted!

Who once the joys of love have known,
  Must sorrow, torn from love apart,
For when the tender charm has flown,
  Oh! what a desert is the heart!

"SHE IS DEAD," THEY SAY.

"She is dead," they say, but I scarce can weep,
For still on her cheeks the red roses grow,
And I think of her as in peaceful sleep,
From which I would not wake her to woe;
She was tired, poor girl, with sorrow and care,
Weary with pining life's long, dark day;
But her troubles all are forgotten there,—
The dull, deep heartache has passed away.

She was not meant for the sterner part
It was hers to act on the stage of life;
There was much that jarred on her gentle heart,
And her spirit shrank from its scenes of strife,
And longed for peace in some lowly cot,—
Some quiet from which she might never rove;
She has found them now in this restful spot,
And sorrow no more shall her still heart move.

Oh, Death! thou art often a welcome friend!
Thou bringest a balm for the weary clay;
At the touch of thy wand all troubles end,
And life's sad visions are snatched away:
But we shrink away from thy chilling touch,
And vex our minds with a childish fear,
When life has little and thou so much
That to fainting spirits is peaceful and dear.

And I say to my heart, it is better so,—
Better to die in the bloom of youth,
Than cheerlessly down life's hill to go,
And learn by experience each bitter truth;
Than see the hopes of our youth depart,
And faith grope on with a step uncertain;
While love lies listlessly in the heart,
Waiting for Death to drop the curtain.

So I gaze on her beauty, but scarce can weep,
For I feel that in death is a peace most blest;
And sooner or later we all must sleep,—
For weary hearts there's a certain rest;
Oh! let me go ere I feel the blight
Of sorrow and age to an early tomb;
Like her who has spoken her last "good night,"
While life has vigor and youth its bloom.

MEMORIES.

How sweetly comes to Memory's wakeful ear
  The lingering cadence of some loved refrain
Restoring Fancy all her scenes most dear
  Of love and joy, and, ah! too oft the pain.

Here 'mid the shadows let me close mine eyes,
  Let conscious reason curb the sober facts;
Let the dark curtains of the past arise,
  And youth's dear ideals rehearse their acts.

Upon the retina of inner sight
  Come trooping images from out the past,
Fresh as when time first bore them to the light,
  Too sweet, too true, too exquisite to last.

Dear are the scenes eluding change and blight
  That boyish fancy hived from field and wood;
Pleasure and youth together take their flight,
  And leave us but the reminiscent mood.

The voice that hymned my earliest lullabies,
  The form that hovered o'er my couch of pain,
The ministering angel in whose eyes
  I saw the light that spoke of hope again.

The generous deed that soothed an aching breast,
  Blest impulse of a heart that beats no more;
The warm caress of fingers laid to rest,—
  Ah! Fancy, if you could but life restore!

And there smiles she, the Hebe of my youth,
Who bore my cup of pleasure from the gods,
So long estranged ; she never learned the truth ;
But love must ever battle against odds.

And yet she left to memory the bliss
Of one sweet day amid the waste of years,—
The rapture of an hour when love's first kiss
Awoke the hopes I since have drowned in tears.

Alas! the best of life lies in our dreams,
Naught we attain is bright as hope's design;
Of her full day we catch but a few gleams,
And stumble on, lamenting its decline.

How cold Reality's unsparing hand
Has swept away the pleasing webs of hope,
And rudely shifted with his fateful wand
The brighter form on life's kaleidoscope.

To thee, bright Fancy, it is given to range,
When love and hope and happiness have fled,
Amid the ruins strewn by fickle Change,
And resurrect the heart's dear offspring dead.

Night with her dewy fingers shuts the rose,
But cannot hide its perfume from the wind ;
Thus Time the flowers of hope and pleasure close,
But Memory stores their fragrance in the mind.

BENEATH THE ELDER BUSHES.

That summer Sunday was serene,
The tasseled corn was waving green,
And sweetly sang the thrushes,
When I went whistling down the lane
To meet the fair Eliza Jane
Beneath the elder bushes.

Oh! 'tis pleasant wooing
While the dove is cooing;
When each believes,
And none deceives,
And loving brings not ruing.

Beneath the friendly, fragrant shade
I found the dear expectant maid,
All radiant with blushes;
In that secluded, quiet spot
How quickly was the world forgot
Beneath the elder bushes!

The doves among the maple boughs
Beheld and heard us pledge our vows
'Twixt love's delicious hushes.
Like bees that cull sweets from the flowers,
We heeded not the flying hours
Beneath the elder bushes.

I pressed her rosebud lips to mine,—
A new sensation, most divine,—
My arm her bonnet crushes;
But for my life I cannot tell
Just what was said or what befell
Beneath the elder bushes.

With beauty's coy and native art
She held my willing captive heart
In passion's silken meshes;
And in the dusky arms of eve
Full oft we took the lover's leave,
Beneath the elder bushes.

How often since those tender years,
I've said those vows in other ears,
With sentimental gushes;
But from love's ashes who can rake
The fire that beauty once could wake
Beneath the elder bushes?

If there's a world of light and bliss
Awaiting mortals after this,
When thence my spirit rushes,
The harp and crown I will resign,
Can one sweet nymph alone be mine
Neath drooping elder bushes.

BEAUTY'S EYES.

Gazing into Beauty's eyes,
  Pressing dimpled fingers;
Thrilled by whisperings and sighs,
  Late the lover lingers;
Time with care and sorrow flies
  With exceeding quickness;
  What a remedy for sickness
Is the light of loving eyes!

Gazing into Beauty's eyes,
  Blest is every minute;
Dreaming fondly of the prize,
  And the way to win it.
Hopes and fears alternate rise,
  Maidens so perplex us;
  How they toy with us and vex us
With their dear bewitching eyes!

Gazing into Beauty's eyes,
  Gives the brain a dizziness;
Reason says 'twould be more wise
  To be about our business;
Thus sage Reason may advise,
  But I'm quite suspicious
  He n'er felt those thrills delicious,
Waked by Beauty's languid eyes.

Gazing in Beauty's eyes,
Season of fond dreaming!
In each glorious orb there lies
Love's dear language gleaming;
What she grants or what denies
Plainly there is written;
But, beware how you are smitten
By alluring Beauty's eyes!

AT THE BARS.

When the day through its bright western portals
In garments of glory departs;
When rest comes to toil-weary mortals,
And lovers to fond maidens' hearts;
When shadows adown the west creeping,
Call out the young moon and the stars,
I steal off when others are sleeping,
Where Jennie meets me at the bars.

Her footsteps I eagerly listen;
I watch for the gleam of bright eyes
That out of the darkness shall glisten,
Like stars from night's unclouded skies.
She comes with her charms and her graces,
I pray don't be envious, Mars!
Let all the young stars hide their faces,
When Jennie meets me at the bars!

Though few are the words that are spoken,
Our hearts all their raptures can tell,
For love in dear silence unbroken
Has ever a magical spell;
Soft peace o'er this new Eden hover;
Forgetting the world and its jars,
We feel it contains but two lovers,
When Jennie meets me at the bars.

Let others find bliss in deep slumber,
And joy in their care-drowning bowls;
My moments more sweetly I number,
When love my fond bosom controls.
I leave to the miser his treasure,
To the soldier his glory and scars;
I find a more exquisite pleasure,
When Jennie meets me at the bars.

We linger, unheeding time's fleetness,
So lost in each tender caress;
Each moment renewing the sweetness
Of raptures no words can express;
Until the young moon, stealing from us,
Alone we stand under the stars,
And seal with our lips the dear promise
We pledged by the old oaken bars.

WOMAN'S SEASONS.

When glad Nature decks her bowers
With the summer's fragrant flowers;
When the sun-enamored skies
Beam as soft as maiden's eyes;
When the brooks go laughing by
Where the wanton zephyrs sigh,
And in all her gayest mood
Nature trips through mead and wood,
Then you'll find
Woman fickle and unkind;
Light coquette and vain deceiver,
Youth, beware how you believe her,
Or she'll wring your heart with woe,—
With her cruel "No!"

When the pale sun's slanting rays
Usher cheerless winter days;
When the flowers no longer spring,
And the birds have ceased to sing;
When the skies are overcast,
And we fly the northern blast;
When with dark and frigid mood
Nature stalks through mead and wood,
Then you'll find
Woman constant, true and kind;
Fear no more the fair deceiver,
Youth may trust her and believe her;
Kindest ever in distress
With her loving "Yes!"

IS LOVE WORTH THE TROUBLE?

Is love, with its wooing,
Its sighing and suing,
Worth half of the heart-aches we go through to
gain it?
Lies there in its measure
That exquisite pleasure
That pays for the trouble we take to obtain it?

Its fondest caresses
Too often distress us,
And still though it wounds us we cannot disdain it;
In doubt and in anguish
The lover may languish
Yet deem it a prize could he only obtain it.

Is he caught in the net
By a trifling coquette,
(She feels no true passion, but knows how to
feign it),
She wounds and deceives him,
And heartlessly leaves him
To feel love's not worth what he paid to obtain it.

Some damsel of fashion
May waken his passion;
Her eye's on his purse and she knows how to
drain it;

But, oh! it is painful
To mark how disdainful
She flies him when she can no longer obtain it.

Does beauty attract him?
She'll surely distract him;
Young love is so rash it is wise to restrain it;
There is never a snare
Like a face that is fair
To torture the lover who seeks to obtain it.

A charming young heiress
Would scarcely embarass
A youth if her heart should invite him to train it;
For true love with money
Is life's milk and honey,
And worth all the trouble you take to obtain it.

But were I to choose 'em
I'd seek a warm bosom,
So fond that my coldness or absence would pain it;
I'd waste not an hour
On beauty or dower,
But find true love worth all I paid to obtain it.

LOVE'S STRATEGY.

Beauty doth challenge with her charms,
And seeks a warder in her pride;
Her wit a warrior seems in arms;
Her heart a city fortified;
What gallant knight shall force the gate?

When others wounded quit the field,
Comes Love, who ne'er to force resorts,
His weapons carefully concealed;
For parley tempts her from her forts;
He smiles and she capitulates.

LOVE'S BLINDNESS.

To Father Time Love's mother went,
Complaining of the gods' unkindness,
Who to her darling boy had sent
Their curse,—irremediable blindness.

The urchin,—'twas a pretty sight,
While Time at mortal ills was grumbling,
Round gray beard played—a merry sprite—
Happy in spite of all his stumbling.

Time, meditating, tried the edge,
And whetted leisurely his sickle,
Remarking as he gave his pledge,
That gods and mortals both were fickle.

"'Tis pity," (here he caught the lad,
And stroked his soft and golden tresses),
"'Tis pity blindness, never sad,
Should see, and see his own distresses."

But when he heard how she appealed,
(E'en gods admire maternal fervor),
He who to men disdained to yield,
Announced his readiness to serve her.

Of remedies they talked apace,
As practiced both by gods and by men,
Till Time quite diagnosed the case,
And recommended Doctor Hymen.

The doctor summoned, came with pills,
And phials, quite equipped for duty,
But when he learned the urchin's ills,
He tied him for a romp to Beauty.

A happy hit in healing art;
Old Galen's self had scarce done better;
Love soon had Beauty's charms by heart,
And in his blindness loved the fetter.

His mother, anxious for his sight,
  Observed with care his every movement,
And followed him by day and night
  To note each symptom of improvement.

Now whether 'twas the fierce desire
  To gaze on Beauty's rapturous being;
Or if 'twere passion's mounting fire,
  The optics from their fetters freeing,

That brought him sight, I cannot say,
  For Hymen's cures come often queerly;
But his eyes opened day by day,
  Till in six months he saw quite clearly.

But, oh! each charm of fancy fled;
  No more was heard Love's merry laughter;
No more on fond illusions fed,
  He lived unhappy ever after.

Still through experience sage we find,
  Since loving pairs will be united,
'Tis best that love be not too blind,
  But, on the whole, somewhat near-sighted.

A RETROSPECTION.

Long years ago!
It matters not how long; they were too brief
For our young hearts, at least, to feel them so;—
Too full of song and blossom, bud and leaf,
And summer's radiance to have left behind
The full length of their shadows on our hearts
With sorrow's record, for fate has been kind,
And silvered all our clouds with tenderest arts,
Through all the years.

Long years ago
When hand in hand together we first learned
Life's deeper meaning, ere we yet could know
The good for which instinctively we yearned,
We could not see, for love had kindly hid
The thorns among the roses, and so taught
That bitterest sorrows, lurking oft amid
Our pleasures, have to lasting good been wrought,
Through all the years.

Long years ago!
Love sit by me and let us here recount
Their misty cycles; tracing in its flow,
Each stream of pleasure back to its dear fount;
Not all of joy and peace have been those years,

But we forget the sting who gain the sweet,
And learn to read through eyes bedimmed with tears
The lessons that stern sorrows make complete
Through all the years.

BIRDS OF PARADISE.

When Hope her wings for flight doth plume,
Their morning hues glow heavenly bright;
But, see! how quick they change to gloom,
If once she folds them to alight.
Afar she flies
In distant skies,
Eluding ever those who prize her,
If caught, within the grasp she dies
Before the heart can realize her.

Joy comes with sunbeams on her wings,
Unto the heart a welcome guest;
And ever sweetest songs she sings,
While building there her airy nest;
But, lo! she flies
To sunnier skies
The moment we most dearly prize her;
Within the heart her music dies,
While still we grasp to realize her.

Love has a plumage bright as Hope's,
A song as sweet as ever Joy's;
In heaven her lovely wings she opes,
On earth her music never cloys;
And though she flies
In distant skies,
She still returns to those who prize her;
But if from cold neglect she dies,
Ah! then, too late we realize her.

MEMORIES OF LOVE.

When Time shall have bereft me
Of those I hold most dear,
And Sorrow shall have left me
The heart-ache and the tear,
When Joy shall fly, a rover,
And Hope a truant prove,
Still round my heart shall hover
The memories of love.

When friends shall have departed,
And kindred spirits flown,
And left me broken-hearted
To wander on alone,
Bright Fancy roaming over
The paths that now I rove,
Each loved one shall recover
Through memories of love.

And when Death shall have ended
Life's dim, uncertain ray,
And night shall have descended
Across my cheerless way,
Oh! may one friend or lover
My low couch weep above,
Each fault of mine to cover
With memories of love.

LOVE, THE TYRANT.

When Love weaves around us his mystical snare,
And hearts yield to bondage, delightful and tender,
We find the dear silken chains pleasant to wear,
And with scarce a show of resistance, surrender.

Our freedom at once, with a sigh, we resign,
And blindly assist him in tying the fetter;
Aye even for deeper enthrallment we pine,—
The closer the bondage it pleases the better.

Submissive to dictates that else would annoy,
How humbly we sue for each trivial favor;
And find in the tyrant's exactions a joy
That tightens the bonds of the artful enslaver.

Yet, lest some might seek to escape from his net,
Each victim he wounds with a thrust of his arrow;—
A wound he keeps open, nor lets us forget,
For who has known true love, unmixed with a sorrow?

But Love has a poison concealed in his dart
That works blest delirium or sad melancholy;
Now goads to distraction the fond lover's heart,
Now leads it a dance to the music of folly.

Thus, wretched or blest, we submit to his force,
Tho' left still a choice to be free for a season,
And find our peace dogged by a biting remorse,
Or acknowledge his rule and surrender our reason.

DAPHNE.

A PARAPHRASE OF THE GRECIAN TALE.

In the lovely vale of Tempe,
Nestling close to high Olympus,
Where the turbid stream Peneus
Surges 'neath the sacred mountain,
Chafes and frets its rocky portals
In its haste to meet the ocean,
Lived the pretty maiden Daphne.
Fair was she as rosy morning,
Fresh and pure as sparkling dewdrops,
Light of heart as birds at matins,
Fleet as bright Apollo's arrows.
There she passed the days of childhood,
Playing in the flowery meadows,
Gathering sunbeams, chasing shadows,
Climbing up the rugged mountains,
To be first to greet the Morning,
First to hail the car of Phœbus,
As he urged his fiery horses
Through the gateway of the Orient,
Up the turnpike road of heaven;
Gazed upon his midday glory,
Watched him fade behind the mountains,
Dipping down into the ocean,
Leaving all the world in darkness.
Care-free thus she lived and happy;

Never had she known a sorrow,
Never felt a pang of anguish;
Knew no hate and felt no longing;
Love, the peace-destroying tyrant,
Was a stranger to her bosom.
Other damsels round her prattled
Of their conquests and their lovers,
Of their intrigues and their raptures,
Of their jealousies and heartaches.
But she heeded not their gossip;
Listened to the voice of no man,
Though the lovers round her sighing,
Would have led her to the altar;
But she was the child of freedom,
Still suspicious of a fetter.
Once upon the slopes of Ossa
Stood she in the glow of morning;
When the sun with golden splendor,
Burnished all the face of Nature;
Saw a glorious form before her,
Saw the prince of gods and mortals,
And she knew it was Apollo,
Come to woo her in the mountains.
Hastily he ran toward her,
Came with outstretched arms and shouting,
"I have found thee, Child of Morning!
And no more shalt thou escape me.
I have sought thee long and vainly;
Sought thee in the scented meadows;
Tracked thee by the winding rivers,
And pursued thee over mountains.

Others thou may'st thrust behind thee;
Break their hearts by frowning coldness,
But Apollo will not leave thee,—
Mine thou art from hence forever."
Then the cheek of the fair Daphne
Blushed as rosy as the morning,
Blanched again with fear and anger,
Shot her lovely eyes defiance,
And her heart grew bold within her,
As she spake unto Apollo:
"I know neither love nor bondage;
Yet my heart has known no fetter;
I have lived among the mountains;
I have wandered by the rivers,
Free as the pure breath of heaven;
None there was on earth to bid me,
None to say me 'go,' or 'follow.'
Thus shall live forever Daphne,
For to none I yield my freedom."
Then the shadow of dark anger
Dimmed the bright brow of Apollo,
And distorted all his features;
On his lips sat scorn and daring,
Dropping curse and malediction;
In his eye there gleamed the frenzy
Of the disappointed lover;
And his chin with passion quivered,
Trembled with determination.
Onward then he rushed to seize her,
Stretched his hand to grasp the maiden,
But the free, light-footed Daphne

Like a vision fled before him;
Tripped as lightly as the shadows
Down the gentle slopes of Ossa;
Over hill and dale and river,
Stepped she lightly as the sunbeams,
O'er the grasses of the meadows
Soft as fall the leaves in autumn.
Close behind her came Apollo,
Goaded on by love and madness,
Strengthened by the mighty passion
Of his heart within him burning.
Then her strength began to fail her,
And she stretched her hands imploring,
To her friend, the fair Demeter;
But she came not to her succor,
Came not to resist Apollo.
Then she felt her head grow dizzy,
Felt her limbs beneath her tremble,
Felt the power within her failing;
On her neck she felt the breathing
From the lips of her pursuer,
From the furnace of his passion,
And before her lay the river.
Then she cried unto river,
"Take me, Father! O, Peneus,
In thy arms receive thy daughter!"
Plunged she then into the water,
And the billows closed above her.
Mourned Apollo for his madness;
Sorrowed for the hapless maiden,
Who in death retained her freedom;
"Thus the end of all my folly!"

Cried he loud with self-reproaches,
"Thus the light goes out of morning,
And the day is shorn of beauty.
Lone I must pursue my journey,
Cheerless down the paths of splendor,
To the mystic land of shadows,
To the realm of night and darkness."
Then he spake unto the river,
Gazed into its turbid waters,
Waved his hand above its eddies,
With the sorcery of the sunlight.
From its marge there sprang a laurel,
Fresh and green with clustering foliage,
To be emblem of his sorrow,
Keeping grief alive forever
With the memory of Daphne.
From its boughs he twines the garlands
For the brows of gentle poets,
Who immortallze her beauty,
Who rehearse his love and madness,
Till the world shall know his sorrow,
And behold his expiation;
For as long as flows the river,
Long as stands the high Olympus,
Long as Time shall whirl his cycles,
Comes he daily to the river;
Gazes in its restless waters,
Weeps his dew upon the laurel,
Bids the nymphs of wood and water,
Speak his coming in their matins,
And make all the halls of morning
Echo with the name of Daphne.

THOUGH ONLY ONCE I MET HER.

Though only once I met her,
I never can forget her,
For with one look
My heart she took
And bound it with a fetter.

'Twas in a crowded street
Where thousands daily meet.
Perhaps 'twas chance,
But by one glance
My conquest was complete.

I caught a glimpse of grace,
A lovely, charming face,
And eyes so bright,
Whose tender light
Young love delights to trace.

Amid the throng retreating,
She left my fond heart beating,
Hoping that fate
Would soon or late
Renew our transient meeting.

Through many a year I've wandered,
On many a maiden pondered,
But have not met
The damsel yet
On whom my love was squandered.

Unconscious of the pain
My heart must bear in vain,
Her lips may move
With words of love
For some more lucky swain.

But when I would forget,
And silence my regret,
I say with art,
"You foolish heart,
She's only a coquette!"

For oft we send our sighs
To what before us flies;
But when 'tis caught,
Upon the spot
Our passion for it dies.

Still, could I meet her now,
With that same eye and brow,
I'd feel a pang,
But—love, go hang!
I've sager grown, I trow.

AS LIGHTLY O'ER THE SLEEPING LAKE.

As lightly o'er the sleeping lake
  Our boat the tranquil water parts,
And leaves behind a quivering wake,
  Like parting words to lovers' hearts,

Mark how the ripples from her bow
  Pulse outward in the growing dark,
Till imperceptible they grow,
  To wake with every passing bark!

Such is that maiden's fickle breast
  Who smiles on all and sighs to many;
Yet cannot make one bosom blest,
  Through lack of constancy to any.

Julia, I long had deemed you true,
  And paid your trust with warm devotion;
But I have learned from not a few
  That others wake a like emotion.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

I like that first quick thrill of heart,—
  That spontaneity of feelings,—
Once Love may wound us with his dart,
  But martyrs us in after dealings.

But once we feel his magic touch,
  That fires the bosom like a battery;
The glance and smile that mean so much;
  Ah! once our lips are free from flattery!

That love be mine that comes as free
  As sunbeams from Sol's boundless quiver;
This of the heart alone can be;
  The rest,—read Kellogg on the liver.*

I hate the cold formalities,—
  The social rules that dwarf affections,—
The harsh conventionalities
  That draw love out by vivisections.

Let prudes and dowagers combine
  To discipline young Love in manners;
He falls at once in a decline,
  And dies from briefer fasts than Tanner's.

*In ancient times derangement of the liver was supposed to be a fundamental condition in nearly all diseases.
—Dr. J. H. Kellogg.

Love curbed by reason, pines and dies;
It finds in freedom its existence,
And like the electric spark it flies
Along the path of least resistance.

We learn the good and ill that fate
Brings to our lives; we learn to fashion
Our hearts to duty; learn to hate,
But who can learn the first grand passion?

Our judgments often lead us wide
Of what we seek by true endeavor;
But when we make the heart our guide,
We seldom stray from right, if ever.

The soldier on the battle plain
Prefers death from the hissing ball
To wasting on in lingering pain
Within a gloomy hospital.

Thus hopeful youth with glowing heart
When met by beauty's conquering eyes,
Would rather fall before their dart,
Than pine, a lingering sacrifice.

HERO TO LEANDER.

Not yet, my love! I pray you go not yet!
Why dost thou hasten from my arms so soon?
On Ida's summit loiters still the moon;
Behind high Pelion Hesperus scarce has set.
What cares can my Leander's bosom fret?
Has love and its delights no further charms?
Or haste you to some fairer maiden's arms,
Through the rapt hours your Hero to forget?
Oh! that the sea should thus our hearts divide!
I would this nightly peril were the last;
Yea, in my arms here let me hold thee fast,
Phœbus shall light thee o'er the treacherous tide.
Through the dark hours let love this grot illume;
Day all too soon will bring my hours of gloom.

LEANDER TO HERO.

Entreat me not, my love! I cannot stay,
  Though thy fond bosom spread its couch of bliss:
  Fain would I linger on thy honied kiss,
But the deep calls me and I must away.
On Helle's breast the rude winds are at play,
  And from th' Aegaeum creeps th' assassin tide;
  No longer in thy arms I may abide,
Though it were heaven to loiter there till day.
Farewell, dear heart! 'tis but some hours of pain,
  To stray and languish in the garrish light,
  But we shall find an antidote in night,
When she restores me to your arms again!
Fate, envious still of lovers, bids him go,
And Helle's specter beckons him below.

SAPPHO.

The black gulf yawns! In elemental strife,
Jove's forkèd arrows hurtle in the dark;
Oh, choose, ye gods, my bosom for a mark,
My coward heart no more can cope with life!
Hope reels from thrusts of Disappointment's knife,
Nor from the alchemy of Love can borrow
A panacea for the wounds of sorrow;
Oh! never more, my heart, with anguish rife,
Can joy or peace from passion's flame be wrung!
For thy parched deserts Love can bring no rain!
There is a fascination in the deep!
Oh! nevermore, my soul, shalt thou be stung
To madness by proud Phaon's cold disdain;—
Lethe awaits this dark and dizzy leap!

TO ELSIE.

Sweet bud of promise! whom untimely frost
Blighted upon the bough you late adorned!
With what a depth of sorrow have we mourned
The precious blossom that we loved and lost!
But they who love must learn at length the cost
Of fond affection in the pangs of woe;
For when shall fall th' inexorable blow
They grieve the deepest who have loved the most.
Yet have we borne and gladly more would bear,
In sufferance for the sweetness of the morn
Thy smiles made bright; and though the joy was brief,
Still through the years thine image we shall wear,
Feeling with love our bosoms freshly torn,
And wedding fond remembrance unto grief.

WAYSIDE WAIFS.

All things are big with jest; nothing that's plain
But may be witty, if thou hast the vein.

—HERBERT.

A CHANGE OF HEART.

I loved her once,—no matter when,—
'Twas one of boyhood's first romances;
We were scarce more than children then,
When loves are little more than fancies;
It had a charm because 'twas new,
My hopes and fears I bade her tell;
And I believed if vows are true,
She loved no other half so well.

We grew apart,—no matter how,—
Young love can always find a reason
To break a heart or hope or vow,
As you may learn in one brief season;
'Twas not that I had fickle grown,
Attracted by some fairer belle;
But if the truth must all be known,
She loved another full as well.

We meet no more,—no matter why,—
The world is anxious to discover
The burden of each maiden's sigh,
The gloom of every hopeless lover;
But since I have got back my heart,
I've found a short way to forget her,
For 'tis not quite so sad to part
When cheered by one who loves me better.

THE WOMAN IN THE CASE.

When erring man from Eden fell,
And plunged in sin the human race,
He laid the blame, as you know well,
Upon the woman in the case.

And since that first misfortune came,
All wrongs and evil luck we trace,
And like the first man lay the blame
Upon the woman in the case.

When wise men err or good men stray,
'Tis the old tale,—a pretty face,—
For no one slips, but people say:
"There was a woman in the case!"

In social quarrel or family jar,
The cause the gossips quickly place,
For Helen still engender's war,—
The modern woman in the case.

When bankers' clerks aspire to shine,
And live at quite a rapid pace,
We learn when they have crossed the line,
There was a woman in the case.

Our friends the Mormons break our laws,
'Tis sad religion is so base;
While juries find the stumbling cause
Is still the woman in the case.

If there's a saint without a stain,
The Devil hopes to win from grace,
He seldom tempts with power or gain,
But puts a woman in the case.

For murder, duel, suicide,
The daily papers find much space,
And other news must stand aside
To show the woman in the case.

Thus it would seem the subtle charm
Of pretty form in silk and lace,
Is held the source of all our harm,
And named "The woman in the case."

Life, though with blessings it abounds,
Would still be like an empty vase
Were man compelled to plod its rounds
Without a woman in the case.

A L'ARTEMISIA.

Now, fickle fame, I'm on your track!
My Laura writes that she will meet me,
And says to see her lover back
Will make her glad enough to eat me.

Then I'll make haste! why longer roam,
When honors just before me wait?
For I have only to go home
To be the poet Laura ate.

MY "MISSES."

After a youth of single strife,
I've learned what true connubial bliss is,
Yet half the sorrows of my life
Have come to me through certain "misses."

Although in this 'tis not my plan
The single gentle sex to censure,
'Tis true my troubles first began
All through a certain Miss Adventure.

My way in life I sought to make,
And got a start by frugal living,
But lost it all through a Miss Take,
Though I was warned by a Miss Giving.

And when a pretty maid I wooed,
  And studied courtship as a science,
I feared my love was Miss Construed,
  Who feared in turn a Miss Alliance.

Then to Miss Chance I was a dupe,
  Miss Trust my every step pursuing;
And if I e'er got in the "soup,"
  'Twas some that Miss Chief had been brewing.

The miss that next brought me to grief,
  I think her name was a Miss Nomer,
Was called Miss Fortune, who, the thief,
  Left me, when short of cash, a roamer.

I gave the gossips many a topic,
  Who saw my plans to wed Miss Carry,
For while my love was Miss Ann Thropic,
  Miss Ogyny forbade me marry.

Now since I've settled down in life,
  Less to Miss Hap have I confided,
For who is guided by a wife
  Is not so apt to be Miss-Guided.

EDEN RESTORED.

If, as the Jewish fable says,
  Man lost his paradise through woman,
And sons of God fell down from grace
  To share the love of angels human;

And if it be, as some opine,
  Dear love was the forbidden tree,—
The sacred fruit—to gods divine,
  Then what a sinner I must be.

Not all was lost, for I have traced
  Glimpses of Eden in her eyes;
And on her lips I still can taste
  The sweetest fruits of Paradise.

THE WRANGLER.

In Cambridge, long for learning famed,
  Who carries off the prize and laurels
For high attainments has been named
  The *wrangler* in those classic quarrels.

Where sophomores and freshmen train
  On problems touching all things human,
Truths that perplex man's weightier brain
  Were once declared too deep for woman.

But now when in these mental lists
She wields Minerva's lighter lances,
(Though at the bat or oar her fists
Have had as yet but meager chances.)

Man's high prerogatives of sex
And brain are trembling in the balance,
While she surmounts heights that perplex
The wits of her pedantic gallants.

In logic and philosophy
She proves herself no mean competitor,
And bears the laurel twig away,
Though seniors frown and freshmen fret at her.

Experience all this truth will yield:—
If in a contest you entangle her,
You'll find ere you have left the field,
The woman is the better *wrangler*.

IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?

"Is marriage a failure?" she asked me one day,
When discussing at length all its *outs* and its *ins*,
While close to my bosom all tranquilly lay
Her pair of sweet babies,—the cherubs were twins.

The boys were asleep, and I said as I gazed
On their innocent faces, so free from life's trouble
"If wedlock's a lottery, you should be pleased,
For instead of a blank you have drawn your prize
double.

"And if our success in this world much depends
On how well we *fill it*, a common sense view,
Then marriage should really accomplish our ends,
At least it is hardly a failure with you.

"But if the world's full, as it seems now indeed,
From *over-production*, as jobbers express it,
For infants there really is no crying need,
And absence of many would certainly bless it.

"For if wedlock goes on as it seems to be going,
Recruiting the nations by twos and by threes,
The failure of marriage will surely be owing
To striving too hard for success,—such as
these."

Just then the dear fellows awoke from their nap,
And cut short my speech with their notes of distress ;
I acknowledged when laying them down in her lap,
That marriage was really a *howling success!*

STOLEN AND RETURNED

Oh ! do not pout those pretty lips,
Nor chide me with thine eyes,
If yielding to
Their tempting hue,
Mine own may seem unwise.

For who can view that rosy mouth,
Provoking love and bliss,
And turn his eyes
From such a prize,
So temptingly near his?

The clover-blossom sips the dew,—
The honey-bee the clover,—
And maiden's lips
With rosy tips
Have nectar for the lover.

If prudishly you hoard the store,
My charming little miser,
Then must I rove
In search of love
With damsel who is wiser.

And if you rue the stolen bliss,
By one who deemed it pleasure,
I will give back
The pilfered smack,
And add ten-fold the measure.

LOVE'S APRIL WEATHER.

Winnie, why so fickle rove?
Maid so lately fond and loving,
Let your heart in pity move,—
Now that all the world is moving.

Pity show to one who grieves,—
Sorrowing o'er a maid's deceiving;
Now when trees put on their leaves,
Can you not put off my leaving?

Does regret that bosom know,
Once with love so warmly glowing?
Mine shall feel the chilling blow,—
While these April winds are blowing.

You may seek a richer mate,
As you oft have intimated,
But that love will soon abate
That with love of gold is baited.

Had you still been true to me,
Never breathed to love your treason,
I should not be going to sea—
See another love this season.

You may sigh to all who pass,
Maidens' hearts are soft and plastic,
But I'll not stick to a lass
With affections so elastic.

If the pledges oft told o'er
You persist still in ignoring,
I shall ever pass the door
Of a damsel past adoring.

So, dear, fickle maid, adieu!
Your deceit, shall not undo me;
And since I have ceased to sue,
Do not seek a cause to sue me.

A MIDNIGHT VISITANT.

'Twas twelve o'clock; the rising gale
  Was moaning through the broken shutter,
When down the hall there came a wail
  That caused my anxious heart to flutter.

It was the moment when the dead
  Are said to come again, and near
The swish of garments and the tread
  Of hurrying feet fell on my ear.

A nervous chill crept up my spine,
  My damp hair stiffened, and my tongue
Mute with the awe of power divine,
  Unto my parchèd palate clung.

'Twas then I heard that wail again,
  But this time with a thrill of joy,
For I was happiest of men,—
  The doctor said it was a boy.

"WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE FLOWERET"

If pretty girls were only flowers,
And I a roving humble-bee,
I doubt if I should be so humble,
But that I'd pass some pleasant hours,
Sipping the sweets that suited me,
And none should ever hear me grumble.

Life then were all a summer day,
And I should not be dogged by care
Among the wild-flowers and the clover;
I'd sip and dream my hours away
On dainty blossoms sweet and fair,
And prove a most attentive lover.

And when should come the nipping frost
To rob the posies of their sweet,
And round me I should see them wither,
I'd not survive to know them lost,
Without them life were not complete,
And death would bear me with them thither.

But since the bee's sweet taste is Love's
And maids have roses on their lips,
Distilling nectar for his pleasure,
While he from flower to flower roves,
Sipping in rapture from their tips,
Then life is bliss and youth's a treasure.

And when young beauty's charms shall lose
Their freshness as the roses do,
Think Love, unfed, will pine and perish?
Not he! fresh gardens he doth choose,
Wooing the fragrance of the new,
Whose budding joys his presence cherish.

But even then, the sweets among,
Lurk disappointment's bitter drops
To mar the flavor of the honey,—
The sting, the venom of the tongue,
Remorse and broken hearts and hopes,
From lack of constancy—or money.

GROOMS.

Though rich papas rave and proud mammas disparage,
And society frowns at romantic love's dizziness,
In elopements, involving a social *miss-carriage*,
Our Jehues are doing a good, *driving* business.

Yet if the young heiress is constant and willing,
And leaves all for love, it would certainly seem,
Though angry papa cuts them off with a shilling,
They should prove in the *long run* a good *spanking* team.

For the gay world forgives them both after a *span*,
And pater comes down with his cash, I presume,
And mamma says if he's a good, *stable* man,
He doubtless will prove a most excellent *groom*.

CUPID'S ASTRONOMY.

Beside the parlor fire we sat
  One chilly evening when December's
Frosts made us draw more close for chat
  Around the brightly glowing embers.

Our chairs were drawn up close together,
  The lamp was turned down for economy;
At first we talked about the weather,
  Then drifted, somehow, to astronomy.

The moon was rising, round and bright,
  Above a distant promontory,
And by her mellow, mystic light
  We read in heaven the old, sweet story.

The "Bear" was climbing up the pole,
  The rampant "Ram" the "Goat" did batter;
But Luna most our glances stole,
  For love is such a moonshine matter.

Though Mercury downward took a start,
  And Mars glowed firey as a foeman,
We found the "Virgin" and the "Heart"
  With Cupid near them for the "Bowman."

While Orion's lights we sought to trace,
  She talked about the law of action,
And how that bodies out in space
  Were drawn together by attraction.

Then I explained, with throbbing heart,
While love urged on with hope's
compunction,
How stars that seemed of each a part
Were, (as oft lovers), in conjunction.

My arm a crescent round her zone,
A double star in heaven we seemed;
Like Saturn she in gold rings shone,
In bands a Jupiter I beamed.

Her lovely eyes, scintillant stars,
Reflecting love's dear radiation,
Were dancing to the measured bars
Of hearts in blissful perturbation.

But love's soft transit over lips,
Or it might be their occultation,
Hid Luna in a brief eclipse,
And threw the stars in aberration.

And her dear promise to be mine
Fell sweeter on my list'ning ears
Than that soft melody, divine,
They call the "music of the spheres."

Let science spread her wings and wander
In search of worlds beyond the skies,
Much nearer home my hours I'll squander,
And see new worlds in loving eyes.

ECHO AND THE BENEDICT.

(AFTER SAXE.)

A youth whom fate had led to dare
  The trials of the nuptial splice,
Once sought out Echo, well aware
  That she would give him sound advice.
A confidential interview,
  He hoped that she as such would treat it;
But she, as oft the sex will do,
  Set out instanter to repeat it.

"Dear maid," said he, "what should a youth
  Take to allay his pain and his ache,
When he in searching after truth,
  Gets mixed in matters metaphysic?"
Quoth Echo, humorously: "Physic!"

"But if he fails to find relief
  In nostrums doctors by the dram sell,
What would you say to ending grief
  By wedding a sweet, loving damsel?"
Quoth Echo, with a mutter: "Dam sell!"

"Suppose I loved a maid like you,
  Whose parents gave me little hope,
Though she was loving, kind and true,
  And graceful as an antelope?"
Quoth Echo, fervently: "Elope!"

"But if I find when I am wed,
That I have hardly won a prize,
But quite a termagant instead,
What hope have I to realize?"
Quoth Eecho, plainly: "Real lies!"

"What if returning late at night,
I find her ready for a bicker,
And she declares I'm sadly tight,
Though I had not a drop of liquor?"
Quoth Echo, with some sternness: "Lick her!"

"But if I find my wedded spouse
A shrew, vindictive, stern and stout,
Who's bound to rule in her own house,
Though she should knock my daylight out?"
Quoth Echo, warningly: "Light out!"

"But should I fall, at last, a corse,
Beneath her treatment, diabolic,
Say what can pain her like remorse
In hours by grief made melancholic?"
Quoth Echo, with a snicker: "Colic!"

"Should I by kindness seek to rule,
Thinking to win her favor by it,
Would she not make me out a fool,
Should I be quite so rash as try it?"
Quoth Echo, scornfully: "Ass, try it!"

"How may I win her back to love,
Or under meek subjection bring,
That she a modest wife may prove,
And gentle as the voice of spring?"
Quoth Echo, matron-like: "Offspring?"

THE BACHELOR'S CHOICE.

Well, show me the maid to my mind,
And single no longer I'll tarry;
But till such a damsel I find,
I certainly never shall marry.

My friends have been setting the day,
Since I with two fair maidens fell in,—
One Mary—for brevity May—
The other fair Helen or Ellen.

My Helen is lively and gay,
And somewhat, I think, of a beauty;
While Mary, though not such a fay,
Is much more a damsel of duty.

Miss Helen is learnéd and fine,
Her language is charming and witty;
But Mary's not given to shine,
Although in her way rather pretty.

Fair Helen talks science and art,
I'm puzzled with all her astronomy;
But Mary aspires to my heart
By her knowledge in household economy.

Dear Helen plays waltzes and marches,
And sings in a manner bewitchin',
While brave Mary washes and starches,
And sings while she works in the kitchen.

Vain Helen has suitors a score,
And favors, I fear, for the twenty;
My Mary but me doth adore,
Though she has had offers in plenty.

Should ever my fortune grow worse,
Proud Helen, I fear, soon would leave me,
But Mary, who seeks not my purse,
With heart still as fond would receive me.

Would I please my eye and my ear,
Then Helen were surely the winner;
But Mary's case looks pretty clear
When it draws near the hour for my dinner.

When I get a snug cottage to dwell in,
Believe me, no longer I'll tarry;
With Helen I fear 'twould have *hell in*,
So Mary is liker to *marry*.

FEW DIE, THOUGH MANY RESIGN.

When Ned was betrayed by the maid of his heart,
Who sought a new field for her conquering eye,
He vowed the sad moment that saw their souls part
Would mark him a wretch, broken-hearted, to die.

It ever was thus, but hearts are not of glass,
And a fortnight of sorrow but heightens joy after;
And in the bright smiles of a handsomer lass
He answered the jest, about dying, with laughter.

MODERN DAILY PAPERS.

When old Cadmus carved the letters
Of his first Greek alpha-betas,
And Mercury bore dispatches through the vapors,
The gods were surely hinting
At the glorious art of printing,
And the advent of our modern daily papers.

For a thousand years thought slept,
For a thousand more it crept,
For a thousand groped in darkness quite nocturnal,
Till the genius of the press
Clothed it in the lightning's dress,
And sent it flashing through the modern journal.

Now philosophers and sages
Can bequeath the world their pages,
And science sheds a radiance from her tapers;
And every worthy movement
For humanity's improvement
Is sure to find advancement in the papers.

'Tis a pleasure so peruse
The lightning-gathered news
From London, Paris, Berlin, Rome and Calais;
For all the tongues of Babel
Are gathered by the cable
In its trans-Atlantic message to the daily.

Although inclined to mix
Somewhat in politics,
Our editors are great opinion shapers,
For they harp on every topic,
And are very philanthropic
When dispensing their pet ideas through the papers.

Their reporters show a zeal
That few holy men reveal,
Yet warily we shrink from these news-scrapers,
For they dog us and waylay us,
And with "taffy" they betray us
To air our dearest secrets in the papers.

Our aldermen are wise,
At least in their own eyes,
And shine in council like a borealis;
But still with all their thunder,
They often make a blunder,
And then we give them "pointers" in the dailies.

Our detectives and police,—
May their "shadows" still increase,—
Are sometimes dilatory in their catches;
But when they have no clue
What better can they do
Than depend upon the daily press dispatches?

If we have wrongs to right,
If we have foes to fight,
No more we fly to pistols or to rapiers,
For the modern form of duel
Is to thrust with language cruel,
In a wordy, bloodless battle in the papers.

When our taxes threat'ning grow,
And improvements come too slow,
When we think we're injured by official capers,
When we discover flaws
In our customs or our laws,
We can always air our grievance in the papers.

There are many fine inventions,
Contrived with good intentions,
The march of human progress is eternal;
But ever in the van
Of this glorious march of man
We find the spirit of the modern journal.

A LETTER.

She wrote a letter with her eyes,
  Well filled with words of bliss,
Then like a prudent maid, and wise,
  She sealed it with a kiss.
    —*Meredith Nicholson in "Century."*

"She wrote a letter with her eyes,"
  With love peeping behind;
Ah! surely he was far from wise
  Who wrote: "Young Love is blind."

"Well filled with words of bliss," and sent,
  With flowers of speech from true lips;
Some say love by the rose is meant,
  But I'm inclined to two-lips.

"Then like a prudent maid, and wise,"—
  I've met such sapient misses,—
A lengthy postscript she supplies
  Of half a score of kisses.

"She sealed it with a kiss" of hope,
  And stamped it with another,
While lips like those of envelope,
  Stick closer than a brother.

P. S.—Her letter finished thus,
She with a smile addressed it,
Then hurried off to catch a buss,
And to the male expressed it.

Ah! he who reads this missive well
May be a happy bach;
Love has such a delightful spell,—
A real sigh—for dispatch.

The note I'd gladly pay at sight,
Yet hope for days of grace
To be her pupil day and night
And read her eye-deal face.

Misfortune does not cross her eyes,
That friends may dot her teas,
And though their apples she denies,
Their lashes still could please.

Love, granting nought to him who kneels,
Lip-service takes in lieu,
And thus a damsel's letters seals
And she sighs: "Billy, do!" (Billet doux)

THE "FALL" SHOPPING.

The Devil showed his choicest fruit;
Eve looked it o'er, but did not buy it;
The shape, the color did not suit,
Though much he urged that she should try it.

"I'll catch her yet," he chuckling said,
And straightway went to advertising;
The "Eden Sun" Eve daily read,
And back she went with haste surprising.

He marked them up, then marked them down,
So 'twould appear the goods were cheapened;
The "bargain counter" she was shown,—
She purchased and—her eyes were opened.

A NEW PLEA FOR AN OLD CASE.

It now appears the Lord was rash
In laying on poor Eve the lash,
When with an apple he surprised her;
For had a jury heard her case,
Their verdict might have saved the race,
By finding Satan hypnotized her.

WHEN COCKNEY COMES.

When Cockney plays the rover,
And sails the waters over
  To see his cousin o'er the sea,
  And learn how big the world may be
Beyond the Straits of Dover,

He thinks this upstart nation
Should make a demonstration,
  About his worth and title prate,
  And show him round in coach of state,
With noisy celebration.

With many an air of snobbing,
He goes about hobnobbing,
  And if he's taxed for being "fly,"
  "Hat 'ome," he whines, "'tis not so 'igh,"
And calls it downright robbing.

He shows with great facility
Our dearth of proud nobility,
  Our poverty in "broken" lords,
  In coats-of-arms (not won with swords),
And titled imbecility.

He finds no ruins, stately,
We have grown up so lately,
  So new does everything appear,
  The British antiquarian here
Must surely languish greatly.

Our freedom and democracy
He sneers at as hypocrisy ;
  And is not slow his views to vent
  On social state and government
Without an aristocracy.

We smile at such a caper
Of any snobbish aper ;
  Our fathers twice to arms appealed,
  And whipped the British on the field—
They whip us now—on paper.

Because we push and hurry
He calls us mercenary,
  Yet is not slow to gather in
  A goodly portion of our "tin,"
Across the sea to carry.

We could ignore him quite all,
His presence is not vital,
  Did he not turn our daughters' heads
  (Seeking our lucre if he weds),
With boasts of blood and title.

Return, ye Cockney callers!
Ye antiquarian scholars!
  Heap on abuse and harsh rebukes,
  But spare us, O ye bankrupt dukes,
Our damsels and our dollars.

THE IRISH QUESTION AND THE ENGLISH ANSWER.

PADDY.

"Misther Bull, Misther Bull,
  Shure the toimes they be dull;
The shmall bit av favor we ax is:
  Since the pratie crap's poor,
  And the wulf's at the door,
Wud ye lit us down light wid the taxes?"

JOHN BULL.

"Pat O'Brien, Pat O'Brien,
  That's no business of mine;
The rent I must have to a copper;
  You Irish will shirk
  All fair honest work,
And then play the saint or the pauper."

PADDY.

"Misther Bull, Misther Bull,
Wud ye give us a pull?
Our childer are starving, God bliss ye;
Jist give a bite gratis,
Fur all av our praties
Are ate by the bugs and malitia."

JOHN BULL.

"Mike Flaherty, Mike Flaherty,
We can't live by charity,
And keep in the race with gentility;
'Tis taxed, sir, that I am
For missions in Siam,—
Besides there's the Queen and nobility."

PADDY.

"Misther Bull, Misther Bull,
Shure yer banks are all full;
Wud ye lend me the loan of a guinea?
Whin we git gold and pork
From our friends in New York,
I'll pay ye all back to a pinny."

JOHN BULL.

"Tim Connor, Tim Connor,
Say now on your honor,
Supposing you had so great riches,
Between you and me,
How long would it be
Ere it reached the grog-shops and priests' breeches?"

PADDY.

"Misther Bull, Misther Bull,
Wud ye give us home rule?
Shure we'll ax nuthin' more av ye, raley;
Take home yer polace,
And we'll all kape the pace
Widout the cold lead and shillaly."

JOHN BULL.

"Charles Parnell, Charles Parnell,
You would surely raise hell,
Should once I withdraw my restriction;
You'd get roaring full,
And there'd be a 'home rule,'
With fist, chair and table eviction."

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

Of all the questions that perplex
The sages since the world's creation,
There's none that seems so much to vex
As "What is woman's proper station?"

Astronomers have studied space
To distance that seems superhuman,
But never yet have found a trace
Of that strange orb, the sphere of woman.

Our scientists can now unfold
Nature's deep secrets, and the mixer
Of medicines, so we are told,
Has found the long-sought life elixir.

But far beyond their skill or wit,
Or all the subtle laws of science,
Our damsels still capricious flit,
And set the doctors at defiance.

In brave old Spartan days they thought
Their proper sphere was to be mothers
Of sons in hardy virtues taught,
Their country's pride,—the dread of others.

In later and less feudal times
Their heads were filled with lighter fancies;
They turned from sterner deeds as crimes,
And figured better in romances.

Our mothers taught our sisters well
In useful arts and homely duties,
To cheer and charm some humble dell,
Nor seek to shine as idle beauties.

In recent years it seems their plan
To quite neglect their dough and stitches,
And scheme to catch the simple man
Whose worth, at least, is in his riches.

And now that lovely woman flies
From cares domestic to commercial,
She deems her sphere shall proudly rise
To heights that would perplex a Herschel.

In politics she's quite at home,
On woman's rights a constant talker,
And dreams the time will surely come
When she can vote—for Mary Walker.

Now maids escaped parental rule,
With youths in search of glory mingle;
And pretty misses fresh from school
Write law or physic on their shingle,

In shop, in office, in all trades
We see them day by day supplant us,
And relegate us to the spades,
Or any slavery they may grant us.

But much I fear this business life,
In which they're striving to outdo man,
Will soil the charms of maid and wife,
And dwarf what we admire in woman.

For mingling with us in affairs
In which they scarce can hope to mould us,
They'll surely lose their sweet, shy airs,
And then how can they hope to hold us?

But since their hearts are given to range,
Kind Heaven, grant some new attraction!
For should there come no timely change
Our homes will all be in distraction.

For woman there's a noble sphere,
And she's exotic in another;
There man will hold her ever dear
In maiden, sweetheart, wife and mother.

LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG.

We once were lovers, Maud and I;
She was a little fairy
I had been courting three years, nigh,
And was about to marry.

Her pa was rich and I was poor,
She was his only daughter;
My fortune would have been secure
If I had only caught her.

Our wedding day was set in May,
Our nuptials would be floral;
But when it wanted but a day
We had a lovers' quarrel.

For why? Maud had a little dog,
The cutest little collie;
But I grew jealous of the rogue,
And wanted her heart wholly.

And oft I wished I was the cur,
And oft the wretch was barking,
As envious of my love for her,
While nightly we sat sparking.

Desperate at last, I gave the pup
Unto a passing lady,
Deeming my love would make it up
Upon the coming May day.

Wildly she grieved and sighed and moaned,
So I confessed my folly;
And now our wedding is postponed
Till I return the collie.

CASH.

If the passion for gold, as the wise man hath said,
Is truly the root of all evil,
Then really our times give us reason to dread
We are all going fast to the devil;
For the man most admired and the lion of all,
Who cuts in the world quite a dash,
Is he who in business, at church or at ball
Comes handsomely down with the cash.

There once was a time when the armor-clad knight
Sought fame through his prowess in strife;
When sages traced glory in plain black and white,
And a name was far dearer than life;
But now would you seek in high thoughts and brave deeds
For preferment your friends call you rash;
For gold with its glitter to glory succeeds,
The highest who has the most cash.

If you've mixed up in politics, you are aware
How gold your preferment can win;
How placemen all count on a lion's full share
As soon as they squeeze themselves in;
Our fathers took pride in the service they gave,
And counted the spoils but as trash;
For freedom and union would lie in their grave
Had patriots counted on cash.

In religion you'll find it much the same way,
The shepherds who care for the fold
Are often themselves, like their flocks, prone to stray
When tempted by offers of gold;
But did they but practice the half that they preach,
And their hands of vile avarice wash,
The hearts of the world they more surely would reach
By sermons not spoken for cash.

Have you been a fond lover and learned to adore
A maid that seemed worthy your love?
Have you toiled to increase for her pleasure your store,
And dreamed that she constant would prove?
Then, oh! how your heart has received a sad thrust,
When she makes what she calls a "rich mash,"
And shows you a heart that excites your disgust,—
A heart on the market for cash.

Society 's vain and is ready to lock its
Proud doors with disdain in the face
Of the genius with brains, but with quite empty pockets,
Ere fickle fame deigns him a place;

If he prospers in goods, he has friends by the
score,
But his failure their love would abash;
For misfortune will teach what he knew not
before,—
How many have loved him for cash.

But Death mows all down, as all flesh is but grass,
And makes our estates at last even;
Though priests, it is said, will have trouble to pass
Some very rich souls up to heaven;
The proud millionaire who in opulence dies,
His teeth in dire torment must gnash,
While to heaven the soul of the vagabond flies,
Not being weighed down by his cash.

THE ORIGIN OF SNOBS.

When Darwin essayed to explain to the race
How man from the ape had his origin taken,
The snobs were quite shocked by his views in the case,
Their genealogical tree was so shaken.

Although not a flattering deduction, I think
The sage had in mind, his opinion when shaping,
The snob, whom he took for the true "missing link,"
As his "beastly" extraction was shown in his aping.
The naturalist erred, in my judgment at least,
On the ancestral roots of our snobs as a class;
I am free to admit that they sprang from a beast,
But the creature instead of an ape was an ass.

LOVE AND LUCRE.

There is a nymph we all have wooed,
  One of those coy, cold-hearted creatures
Who fly when e'er they are pursued,
  Yet have some mercenary features;
Her voice has a sweet, silvery ring;
  Her locks are gold, her smiles are sunny;
Her charms ten-thousand lovers sing,—
  Who can resist the charms of Money?

Young Love, the rogue, had sworn his heart
  Should beat for none but rosy Beauty;
They scarcely yet were seen apart,
  So faithful was he to his duty;
Till he met Avarice one day
  Who turned his head till he forsook her,
And sought by smiles to win his way
  Into the fickle heart of Lucre.

He sped his light shafts at the mark,
  Attracted by her glow and glitter;
But yet seemed shooting in the dark,
  As every arrow failed to hit her.
Her haughty moods distressed him sore,
  For all his smiles and words of honey
Could never move her to adore,—
  Love really was no match for Money.

He changed his tactics then and shone
A genius, talented and skillful,
And deemed his prize was surely won,
But no, the damsel still was willful.
A benefactor he became,
Hoping in this guise to rebuke her;
But Lucre shunned him still the same,
For Kindness was no match for Lucre.

Then Love went wooing as a saint,
Looking so wonderous good and holy,
And yet withal so very quaint,
That Lucre laughed to see his folly.
Next he bethought him of the charms
Of youth—the face he oft has shown us—
And thought to surely win her arms
While suing as a gay Adonis.

But still coquettishly she spurned
His fond attentions and advances,
So that his heart within him burned
To see her slight the best of chances.
At last in sheer despair he stole
Away for comfort to his mother,
Who bade him try the "title role,"
Since he had failed in every other.

Love took the hint; he knew a duke,—
A broken, worthless, spendthrift fellow,
Whom Virtue long ago forsook,
In years and sin extremely mellow.

"Ah, well!" sighed Love, "here is no catch,
The sight would thrill the maid with horror,
But since she still disdains my match,
Why should I now show pity for her?"

So as a duke he sought her hand,
And talked of castles, rank and titles,
Which made Miss Lucre smile so bland
The sight chilled poor Love to the vitals.
To pride and flattery a prey,
To Love at last she condescended,
But rudely thrust the boy away
The moment that his part was ended.

Then swore Love by th' Avenger, dread,
Remorse and Lucre should be neighbors;
That all who 'gainst his dictates wed
Should find but sorrow for their labors.
He left her in her lonely towers,
Pining for that dear charm that blesses;
While he returned to Beauty's bowers,
Content henceforth with her caresses.

THE KNOT OR NOT.

How many poets sing their ditties
  Of lovely damsels, gay and sunny!
But seldom chant, (a thousand pities),
  A single lay on matrimony.

Our great romancers spinning novels,
  By habit, custom or intention,
Paint marriage in the lowly hovels,
  And love, the jewel, in a mansion.

As if the wooing were love's glory,
  And wedlock something to be dreaded,
The hero of a modern story
  Is left as soon as he is wedded.

He goes a victim to the altar,
  Blindfolded for the sacrifice,
Where Hymen's knot becomes a halter,
  And Love by his own bowstring dies.

Then not another word is said
  Of twain with but one heart and noddle;
But hint and jest infer, instead,
  New chapters for the "Life of Caudle."

There rarely would be cause to grieve
That wedded pairs are at a deadlock,
Did they not, like our authors, leave
The lovers at the door of wedlock.

LOVE AND BUSINESS.

We have no time for love apart,
We rush along with such a dizziness,
And so we teach the head and heart
To mingle love with toil and business.

Now damsels share our daily task,
And while we labor we adore 'em ;
Their love for love we need not ask,
They're sure to tax us ad valorum.

You meet a maiden of good birth,
Rich and in virtue quite invincible,
You love her for her sterling worth,
She takes an interest in your principle.

Does rosy beauty win your eye,
At sight and all her charms enthrall you,
Although her price is rather high,
'Tis but her market or face value.

But if the maid you seek has love
By love of lucre ne'er surmounted,
At once your warm attachment prove,
True love should never be discounted.

Are you a lawyer with a choice?
A plea for an assurance send her;
Are you a merchant? Ask in voice,
And take love's bond as legal tender.

Does realty your line comprise,
And Mary hold you in abeyance,
If you in woman's arts are wise,
You'll call around with a conveyance.

Perchance by powders and by pills
You set Ann's heart a palpitating;
Then tell her for a spinster's ills
Your remedy is Anna-mating.

A jeweller with open face
Has surely no cause for alarm,
For he has quite a golden case,
Since he can chain a maid and charm.

A preacher, whatsoe'er his text,
In hell, I'm sure would rather blister
For love on earth, for in the next
World woman loves but as a sister.

But having formed with her a trust,
No silent partner you'll discover;
Divide your crust and share your dust,
And to the day of judgment love her.

TO DR. BROWN-SEQUARD.

The alchemists vainly endeavored to find
  Through science the secrets of life's true elixirs;
And also a short way to wealth were inclined,
  As oft is the case with you medicine mixers.

That fountain of youth they have failed to unfold,
  As flesh still continues to go as the grass,
But we moderns know how to convert into gold,
  Through practical methods, our surplus of brass.

Though now they inform us, dear doctor, that you,
  By pondering long over our health and your gains,
Have discovered a process our youth to renew
  By injecting a guinea-pig into our veins.

But who, my good sir, save some dotard or ninny,
  The prey of the priest or the potion-concoctor,
Would care for his youth thus renewed by your
      guinea,
  When all of his guineas had gone to the doctor.

Your efforts among the dispensers of pills
  Is certain to meet with a strong opposition,
For with youth and immunity from death's dark
      ills,
  To what use, pray tell, could we put the
      physician?

You doctors in dealing with death and with men
Are often a trifle presumptuous and priggish;
Could your guinea prolong our three-score years
and ten,
The means and the end were decidedly piggish.

IN THE WOODS.

Suggested by the announcement that since his retirement from public office, Gladstone has been occupying his time felling trees in the Hawarden Woods.

The "Grand Old Man," weary of state affairs,
Debates, intrigues, and diplomatic feuds,
Resigns at last his high official cares,
And for diversion hies him to the woods.

Well has he hived his wisdom for his age,
Seeking, unvexed by men and worldly moods,
Seclusion to indite life's final page,
And meditate the end in the calm woods.

A fitting end to glory's high career,
When sated with its wealth of fame and goods,
And life is in the "yellow and the sear,"
To find a blest seclusion in the woods.

Better the vigor and the peace he'll find
  Hacking away amid these solitudes,
With but a woodsman's honest axe to grind.
  Ah, placemen, if you only knew the woods!

Blest sanctuary that no strife profanes!
  Asylum of the heart where none intrudes!
Let me but get my mead of fame and gains,
  I'll lose no time in getting to the woods.

MOODS IN MEDITATION.

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms she speaks
A various language. —BRYANT.

MIDNIGHT CHIMES.

I love the wood with its solitude,
And I love the shore with its roar;
I love the musical words of the birds,
And the low, soft dip of the oar;
I love the dawn on the dewy lawn,
And the sunset glow on the hill;
But dearer the time of the midnight chime
When the voice of the world is still.

I love the morn with its hounds and horn,
And the glowing race in the chase;
And the quiet eve is mine to grieve,
Or to meet with a friendly face;
But the calmest season to muse or reason,
To poets and sages dear,
Is the quiet time when the midnight chime
Breaks solemnly on the ear.

Oh! some are bold in their search for gold,
And some have a passion for fashion;
And some find a greater treasure in pleasure,
And some in the tender passion;
But give me a book in a quiet nook,—
Some volume of lore to peruse,
Or the poet's pen in his midnight den
To follow the flights of his muse.

'Tis sweet to trace in the fields of space
The silvery bars of the stars,
And to open our ears to the "music of the spheres,"
Thrown down from their rolling cars;
There are truths to learn where their bright orbs burn,
And thoughts that are high and sublime;
There is much to feel and much to reveal
In the hour of the midnight chime.

'Tis the hour when sages light up their pages
With thought that glows as it grows;
And truths are lighted and wrongs are righted
When the world is lost in repose;
And the mellow chime of the poet's rhyme
Rings out in its fullest power
With the inspiration for bright creation
That is born in the midnight hour.

'Tis the time to brood in our solitude
On the ills that are rife in this life;
To banish our cares in whispered prayers,
And prepare for the morrow of strife;
'Tis the time to sleep, 'tis the time to weep,
'Tis the time to calmly lie
And patiently wait the decrees of fate,—
'Tis the quiet time to die.

A WISH.

I wish I had a snug retreat
  Within some quiet, rural glen,
Far from the city's noisy street,
  Where I might lose all thoughts of men
  And business cares, and feel again
My boyhood's freedom and the sweet
  And healthful peace that I knew then,
Before I thought them incomplete.

There I would build a pretty cot
  Upon a knoll that overlooks
A flowery mead, and near the spot
  Where meet two pretty, babbling brooks;
  And I would fill its coziest nooks,
And garnish to befit my lot
  Of rest and peace, with flowers and books,—
With love's delight my constant thought.

And I would waken with the lark,
  And see Aurora's blushing face,
Undimmed by city's smoke and mark
  Young Nature in her vernal grace;
  And in her very aspects trace
Joy's purer spring; life's brighter spark;
  And with a calmer, steadier pace,
Stroll on when Fortune's frown grew dark.

There, in companionship with flowers,
And birds and books and those I love,
How light the footsteps of the hours
Would fall in that enchanted grove,
From which I could not wish to rove ;
Nor wealth, nor grandeur, with their dowers
Of care and ennui, e'er would prove
Temptation to desert those bowers.

I love the rustic solitude ;
The simple, unpretentious mien ;
Freedom from rivalry and feud;
Pursuits that leave the heart serene ;
The ever-varying, glorious scene ;
The independent, peaceful mood ;
Where thoughts and deeds to virtue lean,
Nor fashions fret, nor crimes intrude.

IN WOODLAND WAYS.

In woodland ways,
When Spring bestows her balmiest days,
How sweet the life that throbs anew
Through buds, and quickened pulses, too;
When violets from beds beneath
Are wakened by the South's warm breath;
And mating birds in boughs above
Renew their annual vows of love,
Waking the echoes with their lays
In woodland ways.

In woodland ways,
When Summer in her fuller blaze
Doth to the glowing solstice run
To meet the warm glance of the sun,
How pleasant, 'neath the welcome shade
Of boughs, by gentle breezes swayed,
To lie and listen to the words
Of loved companion, or the birds!
Or, arm in arm, to thread the maze
Of woodland ways.

In woodland ways,
When Autumn wraps the hills in haze,
And mellower tints the woods assume,
Prophetic of their coming gloom,
Oh! it is sweet to wander then
Afar from scenes of care and men;

To meditate in pensive mood
In dim retreats where none intrude;
To talk with Nature, face to face,
In woodland ways.

In woodland ways,
While sitting by the cheerful blaze,
And old-time memories haunt my mind,
I hear the melancholy wind
Through naked branches sigh and moan
O'er leaf and flower and song-bird flown:
How sad 'tis then to ponder o'er
The dreams that can return no more,—
The hopes, the joys that had their days
In woodland ways.

MINNEHAHA.

Dancing on, through shade and sun,
  Comes the rippling, laughing river;
Leaps the boulders, one by one,
  Makes the hanging branches quiver;
Whirls her eddies in the pool;
Lingers in the shadows, cool;
On the pebbly shallows chattering;
Banks of nodding flowers bespattering;
Breaks the silence with her "ha! ha!"
Laughing, singing Minnehaha.

Now she nears the rocky ledge;
  Hastens from her leafy cover;
Poises on the boulder's edge,
  Then goes leaping, laughing over;
Gleaming in the summer air
Like a maiden's golden hair;
Chatters on the rocks beneath;
Weaves a rainbow for a wreath;
Wakes the echoes with her "ha! ha!"
Noisy, mirthful Minnehaha!

From the foamy pool emerging,
  Singing, on again she rushes;
Through the narrow channel surging;
  Peeping through the clustered bushes;
Till she hears the waters falling;
Hears the Mississippi calling;
Hastens on her way to meet him;
Sends a rippling laugh to greet him;
Falls upon his bosom, sighing,
While the echoes, near, replying,
Whisper faint her smothered "ha! ha!"
Wild, coquettish Minnehaha!

ODE TO WHITE BEAR LAKE.

Around thy shores, enchanting lake,
How softly stirs the breath of spring,
Where violets the earliest wake,
And mating robins soonest sing;
O'er waters bright with mellow light
In dreamy radiance falls the day,
Where fluttering sails, all snowy white,
Bear crafts of pleasure, light and gay.

Far 'round the grassy hills descend
To kiss thy marge 'neath sheltering wood,
Whose gentle whispers softly blend
With the low lapping of thy flood;
Among the copse on flowery slopes
The perfumed zephyr softly plays,
Where youth is breathing love and hopes,
And age in meditation strays.

Here Nature in profusion showers
Her beauties for admiring eyes,—
Blue waves, green trees, a wealth of flowers,
And the soft tints of summer skies;
Here children rove about the grove,
From flower to flower like wanton bees;
And cottages, fit homes for love,
Are nestling, snug, among the trees.

'Tis sweet to wander on thy beach,
Or under shady boughs recline,
Where Walton's spirit still may teach
The young disciples of his line;
Or softly glide along thy tide
When Luna smiles above the deep;
Or hear thy murmuring waves subside
In the first hush of peaceful sleep.

Far from the fretting toils of day,
The jarring sounds, the dust, the heat,
How blest at eve to flee away,
And lose them in this calm retreat;
To ease the heart some hours, apart
From crowded city's stifled air;
The noisy rabble of the mart,
And haunts of mercenary care.

Here in seclusion I would dwell,
Shut out from every scene of strife,
And learn within this quiet dell
Those purer joys that brighten life;
Here I would take, enchanting lake,
Such peace and pleasure, daily given,
Where scenes of Eden softly wake
Round crystal depths, reflecting heaven.

HIDDEN TREASURES.

Rich treasures lie in depths unknown,
  By darkness are the stars arrayed,
  And who can say from what deep shade
The brighter things of life have grown?

From caverns deep pure rivers flow,
  Great lives have low beginnings known,
  And kings have risen to the throne
From hamlets once despised as low.

In minds obscure great thoughts are born
  That grow to precepts, creeds and laws;
  And they who won in freedom's cause
Were once the marks of haughty scorn.

Upon life's surface proudly dwell
  The vain conceits of heart and mind,
  While truer, deeper passions find
Their source with truth in her deep well.

Great circumstances only trace
  For him a road to fame's proud hill,
  Who in obscurity were still
As great, though in a humbler place.

Then ne'er the humble good disown,
But search well for life's hidden things,
For who can tell from what small springs
The greatest good to man has flown?

WHAT IS MAN?

At night when the heavens are bluest and calmest,
And bright constellations the glorious arch span,
My mind oft reverts to the words of the Psalmist,
Who, watching the planets roll, asked: "What is man?"

I see in the distance some nebula blending
The rays of bright suns that are lost to our scan;
But when I reflect that the mind, there ascending,
Has measured and weighed them, I ask: "What is man?"

With awe have I gazed while he chained Nature's forces,
That shook the high hills as if vast Titans ran;
The lightning his thoughts to the nations discourses,
Till Nature with wonder may ask: "What is man?"

From darkness and error behold his advances
To knowledge with science and truth in the van;
The master of destiny's dark circumstances,
The fates bow in homage and ask: "What is man?"

Yet oft are his paths the dark scenes of transgression,
When, departing from Nature's and equity's plan,
He scatters around him death, crime and oppression,
Till fiends turn their faces and ask: "What is man?"

But stand at the tomb when he settles with Nature
The debt that has run since existence began;
When dust claims the ashes of earth's noblest creature,
And e'en the worms waiting him ask: "What is man?"

PASS IT ALONG.

If the fates have been kind with the gifts they
bestow,
And have favored you more than the average lot,
Don't think that you merit the kindness they show
More than the poor wretch in the lowliest cot.
Men oft are recipients of favors designed
To serve but as blessings when shared with the
race,
And those to whom fortune has deigned to be kind,
Whatever the gift, do an act of good grace
To pass it along.

Each soul is endowed, be it ever so poor,
With talents not meant to be buried in self;
It may not be schooled in philosophy's lore,
Nor hold at command the persuasion of pelf;
But none is too poor to lodge kindness of heart,
The sunshine of love and a purpose for good;
And though but a pittance the gift you impart,
Through motives not always by man understood,
Yet, pass it along.

We are apt to consider too harshly the wrong,
Too ready to censure unfortunate souls
Whom nature, stern circumstance, impulses strong
Have driven to wreck on life's treacherous shoals;
We seldom reach out to the fellow who needs;
Distrustful we watch his endeavors to rise;
One error obscures a whole life of good deeds,
Yet if Christian charity in your heart lies,
Please pass it along.

We dwarf in our natures the growth of the good
By miserly shutting it out from the light;
We might add to the sum of earth's joy if we would
But each of his portion contribute a mite;
The sage who in nature a new truth discerns
Ne'er thinks in his bosom to bury the fact;
But thanks from a grateful humanity earns,
Nor lessens its worth by so gracious an act,
If he pass it along.

There's much in existence that's worthy and grand
That we in our sordid ambitions forego,
And blindly reach out with a miserly hand
For treasures of gold and the phantoms of show.

When bread-famished poverty pleads for a crust,
And coffers are bursting with gold not in use,
All nature protests against laws so unjust;
Yet hoarders of wealth might correct its abuse
Would they pass it along.

PRESENT OPPORTUNITIES.

Act, act in the living present.
—*Longfellow.*

Let's love to-day! Perchance to-morrow
May wake our hearts to deepest sorrow;
Let's banish care away!
We have no time for melancholy,
And though the world declares it folly,
Our hearts as firmly answer: "Nay!"
Let's love to-day!"

Laugh on to-day! It is not wise
To murmur at the lowering skies;
Somewhere the sunbeams play.
Truly despair is merely madness
When joy is just as free as sadness;
Then do not chide the free and gay;
Laugh on to-day!

Hope on to-day! The present hour
Is full of blessing that will shower
On him who as he may
Buckles his armor on in hope,
Goes forth with destiny to cope,
And looks to his right arm for pay.
Hope on to-day.

Do good to-day! A word or smile
Some mourner's anguish may beguile;
Some act may smooth the way
And ease awhile the painful load
Of pilgrim on life's weary road,
And shed along his path a ray.
Do good to-day!

Be wise to-day! Our time is brief
For love or labor, joy or grief;
So fast the moments stray,
That we must use them as they roll,
If we would win a higher goal;
Must act and labor as we pray.
Be wise to-day!

THE POPULAR CREED.

We live too much by line and rule,
  Too much by cold and studied art,
  And narrow down the generous heart
By lesson in self's sordid school.

Through selfish hopes our faith grows strong;
  We worship where we think we gain
  A thornless pathway, free from pain,—
A road to heaven built of song.

We deem our lives are broad and good;
  We show no love for meaner things;
  We plainer hear when church-bell rings
Than when the beggar asks for food.

We see afar some purpose grand,
  Yet overlook life's duties near;
  We cannot see the heathen here,
But only in a foreign land.

We bow before the shrine of pelf;
  Humanity's world-circling shore
  We catch a glimpse of—nothing more—
Over the growing mountain—self.

Oh! could we learn our lives to school
In noble, charitable arts,
Put self and pride from out our hearts,
And let the good within us rule.

COULEUR DE ROSE.

This life at the best is a changeable dream,
And checkered with sunshine and shade;
Where glories are seldom the treasures they seem;
Where pleasures illusory fade.
Like the varying forms in the kaleidoscope
Are mingled our joys and our woes,
Where the shadows are softened and brightened by hope
To a beautiful couleur de rose.

A part each must act on the stage of the years;
A wonderful drama is life;
Light comedy now with its laughter appears,
A tragedy next dark with strife:
The ballet-girls, pleasures, seem gayest of queens
While twirling on joy-spangled toes;
But if you but take a peep back of the scenes,
You'll find not all couleur de rose.

The glamour of riches and glory and power,
The glitter of fashion's gay tide,
Attract and amuse our ambitions an hour,
While swayed by our passions and pride:
Reality punctures each bubble of hope,
To air in an instant it goes;
And sorrows our visions of bliss interlope,
Scarce leaving their couleur de rose.

The future has prospects, alluringly fair,
And fancy illumines the goal;
We see the bow promise sets hopefully there,
And chide the fleet years as they roll.
We follow some phantom of pleasure or fame,
And blindly rush on where it goes;
And though eager fingers the cruel thorns lame,
We grasp at the couleur de rose.

Faith leads us to wander in star-studded space
For some fancied region of bliss,
O'erlooking too oft in a humbler place
The duties and pleasures of this:
The victims of dogmas, of doubts and of fears,
That reason and truth must oppose,
We blindly reject the best fruits of the years,
And grasp at the couleur de rose.

In worlds that illumine the bosom of night
We picture Elysian bowers,
But science divests them of mystery and light,
And shows them just planets like ours:

So earth with her shadows turned 'way from the sun,
A heavenly face must disclose,
Which could it be seen from a distance by one,
Would beam with the couleur de rose.

Thus Nature through all takes an optimist's view,—
Her sunniest aspect she shows ;
And man out of error evolving the true,
Is learning to cope with his woes.
Ah ! wretched, indeed, were that mortal in life,
Who buffets adversity's blows,
And finds not some pleasures to brighten the strife,—
Some glimpses of couleur de rose.

WHEN THE TIDE COMES IN.

A fisherman laughed as his little craft
Put out one day on a stormy bay,
But his wife stood by with a tear in her eye,
And mournfully watched as he sailed away:
"Oh, stay with me, tempt not the sea!
There is much to lose and little to win !"
But he only said, with a shake of his head:
"Don't look for me till the tide comes in."

There are babes to feed, there's a wife in need,
So he heeds not the breakers white with foam,
But spreads his sail to the driving gale,
While his anxious wife goes sorrowing home.
And all day long with a plaintive song
She hushes her babies and tries to spin;
But she hears the roar of the surf on the shore,
And sadly waits till the tide comes in.

There are seas to ride, there are barks to guide,
There are hearts to dare, there are hands to do;
There are desperate needs and valorous deeds,
And courage for all the dangers too;
But the saddest part for the troubled heart,
When dangers threaten and storms begin,
Is to idly wait the decrees of fate,
And hope and fear till the tide comes in.

The night comes dark, and she listens; hark!
Was it the wind or the moaning sea?
Then she clears her sight and sees a light,
And says to her heart, "It is surely he!"
But a sound of fear breaks on her ear,
With the rush of feet and roar and din;
And pale and cold, her fisherman bold
Was laid in her arms when the tide came in.

How little we guess in our happiness,
In our wealth of pleasure, content and peace,
How many lives and sorrowing wives
Have paid too dear for the purchase of these!

There are seas to cross for a gain or loss;
  There are mines to delve for the gold or tin;
And some are glad, but many are sad
  At the close of the day when the tide comes in.

Oh! the sea of Life, with its changes rife,
  With its waves of sorrows and tides of woes;
With its storms of hate and breakers of fate,
  'Twixt the shores of eternity ebbs and flows;
And many stand on the desolate sand,
  Clasping dead hopes and joys that have been,
For the sea is deep and the tempests sweep,
  And many must weep when the tide comes in.

And little we know as on we go
  O'er this restless sea with its changing tide,
What vision of bliss or dismal abyss
  Awaits for us on the other side!
Though we face the wave with a courage brave,
  With a faith to buoy and a hope to win,
We pause and shrink from the cold, dark brink,
  Where we all must sink when the tide comes in.

RURAL REFLECTIONS.

Thrice happy he who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own.
—*Drummond.*

Far from the clangor of the busy street,
The din and dust of traffic's rushing wheels,
Where noisy commerce draws the jostling throng
With sounds of discord to the crowded mart;
From smoke and vapors that obscure the sun;
From odors that pollute the breath of heaven;
From pomp of grandeur and the rags of want;
The glare of fashion and the swell of pride;
From ceaseless cries that vex the ear of rest,
And prey upon the quiet hours of peace,
I stray to-day, and find among the hills
Surcease of turmoil and obtrusive care.
Around me rise their venerable peaks,
Against whose fronts the storms of centuries
Have hurled the fury of the elements,
Yet here they stand in their primeval mould,—
Nature's firm sentinels. The hands of time
And man dire change through cities sweep,
The woods, the plains their rueful ravage tell,
And tides their rocky barriers do wear down;
But the hills are eternal. Let me lay
My ear, dear Nature, to thy throbbing breast,

That by the beating of its mighty pulse
I may attune the music of my soul!
Here on this rock that overlooks the vale,
Thy glowing aspect, goddess, I survey,
And in the rapture of this solitude
Once more you wrap me in a fond embrace,
And breathe upon my heart a secret peace,
Till it forgets we e'er have been estranged;
And in the banquet thou hast spread around
I feast my happy eyes, and dream away
All painful recollections of the past.
What memories of other days return
And people fancy with the cherished forms,
And fond associations of my youth!
Each object how familiar! Rock and stream
Seem old companions, seldom met of late;
Few friends so proof to change. The bleat of
flocks,
The tinkling sound of bells, the blackbird's note,
The robin's matin and the frog's hoarse croak,
Come like refrains of some old melody,
But half remembered through the roar of years;
Some song whose cadence echoes in the heart,
In quiet hours, and links us with the past.

The air is soft and balmy, such as hints
Of coming showers and newly opened buds,
Of violets, coaxed by the genial warmth
From sunny hill-sides,—sweet anemones
And crocuses,—the welcome harbingers
Of Flora's lovely train. Upon the mead,

Spangled with flowery stars and redolent
With nature's sweets, ambrosial, now walks
The pretty May-queen and her satellites,
Decked in a richer purple than the kings
Of the hue-loving orient put on
When they would awe their slaves. Their merry songs,
Artless and free, the happy echoes wake,
And vie with the winged choristers to make
The season feel its welcome back to earth,
After the days of gloom.
From cloudless skies
The genial god of day dispenses cheer,
Restoring life and beauty to the fields;
And happy nature, like Pygmalion, stands
With growing rapture as each lifeless form
By love is vivified; and I, whose heart
Is but a throbbing atom of the whole,
The general wakening in my spirit feel,
And swell the tide of irresistless song.

Far from the busy world, here let me hold
Delightful intercourse with her who set
Her gentle thrall upon my youthful heart!
Here all oblivious of the noisy throng
Who trample one another in the dens
Of avarice and care, grant me to breathe,
Heedless of rules that custom may decree,—
Here fashions do not change! Here Flattery's voice
Can weary not mine ear, nor Fame mislead

My pilgrim heart. Here Fortune's sullen frown
Is tempered by the radiant smiles of peace.
Here simple Pleasure wanders hand in hand
With Health and sweet Content, and Virtue
wears
On her fair cheek the blush of innocence.
Here may the heart, by vanity suborned,
Cast off its mask; the mind its franchise claim;
The tongue forget its guile and each sense teach
Some lesson that the "mighty mother" shows
In every aspect of revolving change,
And infinite variety: see truth,
Beauty and love in all the visible world,
And in all things Nature's munificence;
Hear in the inner and external sense
The voices of the seasons—the refrain
That mystic Force to pregnant Matter sings
In motion, heat and light, and potent life:—
The speaking cloud, the tempest's awful rage,
The cataract's roar, the ocean's monotone,
And the sweet undertones that throb and beat
In measures musical,—the laughing brook,
The sighing zephyr and the dove's plaint song,
The whispering leaf, and breathe in consonance,
Making the summer day a dream of love.

Let others pleasures seek in distant climes,
'Mid old historic scenes; in palaces,
The favorites of monarch's fickle smiles;
In stately halls where Wealth her pomp displays,
And flaunts her gewgaws to gaunt Poverty;

In Fashion's giddy whirl and phantom joys;
Or treasure seek in mines, on stormy seas,
In crowded cities; or chase after Fame
Down the long avenues ambition leads
To fallow fields! Give me the quiet life
In humble cottage under shady trees,
By crystal brooks that flowery gardens thread,
In snug retreat, where many a well-thumbed book
May care divert, and still to friendship leave
An hour for pleasant intercourse, and I
With these shall be more blest by far than they
Who scale the dizzy heights of wealth and power.
Few were my cares; Contentment, Peace and Rest
Would be my guests, and in seclusion there,
In fellowship with nature, and at peace
With all mankind, pass the allotted time,
Enjoy the pleasures and endure the ills
On life attendant, and in solitude
Lie down to rest, when the brief span is o'er.

DECEMBER.

Coldly, palely,
Sinking daily
Southward from the equinox,
Phœbus' glimmer,
Growing dimmer,
Faintly lights our northern rocks.

Sunsets redden,
Skies grow leaden,
Crisp the air with snowy flakes;
Lake and river
Shrink and shiver
While old Boreas soundings takes.

North wind urges
Mournful dirges
Through the woodland haunts of gloom;
Bush or postcap
With its ghost cap
In the twilight seems a tomb.

Flocks retreating,
Lowing, bleating,
Seek the shelter of the fold;
For the wizard
Of the blizzard
Warns them of the coming cold.

Nights are weary,
Long and dreary;
Days are cheerless, brief and cold;
But the fireside,
Loved ones by our side,
Brings us back our joys of old.

Winter's boisterous,
But we cloister us,
When 'tis bleak o'er all the earth,
Where December's
Frosts make embers
Brighter glow upon the hearth.

There we measure
Out the pleasure
Of the fireside and home;
And no coldness
Has the boldness
Through our quiet joys to come.

TWILIGHT.

It is the hour when through the grove
The orb of day, declining, shines;
It is the hour when zephyrs rove
On light wings through the whispering pines;
And Twilight in her mantle, gray,
Walks 'twixt the shadow and the light,
And for the sunny smiles of day
Bequeaths the dewy eyes of night.

Now, mellowed by the sun's last beam,
Those clouds upon the verge of day
Seem like the landscape of a dream,
Fading reluctantly away.
Dim grow all objects to the eye
Where shadows over nature stray,
Save where the hill-tops pierce the sky
To catch the sun's expiring ray.

In undulations, soft and low,
Sweet woodland music stirs the air,
While Nature's voices, blending, flow,
And utter forth her evening prayer:
The oriole's high-warbled note,
The swallow's twittered homeward lay
Commingle with the owl's lone hoot,
And whip-poor-will's plaint melody.

The placid lake is echoing shrill,
Where frogs their evening concerts hold;
The wolves upon the distant hill
Answer the tinkling of the fold;
The bat amid the gathering gloom,
Above in wide gyrations flits;
And, sending forth his notes of doom,
The owl in woodland shadows sits.

From meadow-lands and green-wood bowers
The zephyrs, rustling scarce a wing,
Ladened with odors of wild flowers,
The fragrance of the hay-land bring;
Where transient fires the dews ne'er damp
Like wingèd meteors flit about,
Till Luna lights her golden lamp,
And puts their tiny candles out.

Now distant sounds die soft away,
And nearer echoes faintly roll,
Till darkness triumphs o'er the day,
And silence broods above the whole;
Till like a child, grown tired of play,
Its head upon its mother's breast,
Soothed by a gentle roundelay,
Tired Nature sobs herself to rest.

Sweet twilight hour! thou bring'st reprieve
From labor and corroding care,
And in the quiet season leave
A blessing for the toiler's prayer.

Beneath thy dusky mantle lies
The influence of peace and rest;
And from o'erflowing hearts arise
Thanks for the hour that makes them blest.

Season of holy solitude!
I love to stray from all apart,
And in the paths where none intrude
Commune with Nature and my heart;
'Tis sweet to linger when the skies
Assume a deeper tint of blue,
And opening their thousand eyes,
Seem smiling on the world and you.

A DAY IN AUTUMN.

The hills, embrowned by autumn's waning sun,
Rise dim through hazy light; the woods are still,
And sober Nature, clad in russet robes,
Sits dreaming in her woodland solitudes,
And in the shadowy mirrors of the brooks
Surveys her blushing face. The sun and frost,
The artists of the season, are abroad
And prodigal of color—glorious tints—
The glow of sunset skies on forests caught
By early frosts to deck with livelier hues
The cradle of the Autumn. Pleasing scenes,

By ever-varying Nature's changeful moods
In prospects dressed anew! What pen can paint?
What pencil reproduce? The world reflects,
Diffused through all her visible designs,
The transitory nature of all things
In lights and shades,— creation's certain law,—
Immortal change.

Calm is the brow of heaven;
A dreamy radiance filters through the blue,
Shedding a glory o'er the quiet day;
On the brown hills Time, stooping, hangs his scythe,
Folds his tired wings, his ruffled plumage smoothes,
And looking down the vistas of the year,
Recounts his triumphs. From o'erflowing horn,
He bade his steward, Autumn, bounties pour
In blushing Nature's lap; then speeds away,
Shaking the snow-flakes from his frosty locks,
To rule the seasons and to guide the spheres.
O'er all the land the generous goddess spreads
For life her annual banquet; pausing here,
She takes a retrospection of her days,
And like an almoner, dispensing gifts,
She lavishes her treasure. Ere she goes,
Our common mother bares her ample breast,
And life is satisfied.

Pomona walks
Through bending orchards, and from bough and vine,
At every whisper of Æolus drops

Her offering in the hands of honest toil;
And laughing Ceres, with her golden sheaves,
Goes tripping through the waving harvest fields,
And, arm in arm with Plenty, showers her wealth,
The recompense of labor. From the corn
The happy song of the glad reaper floats,
As with light heart he plucks the yellow maize,
His summer's hope and care, and laughs at want
From out his garnered store. Blithe Echo wakes
And mimics in her woodland fastnesses
The shout of school boys, and the chattering cries
Of squirrels in the hickory and beech,
Protesting the invasion of their stores,
While, heedless of their rage, their tyrants mount
The loftiest boughs and shower down the nuts
From newly-opened burrs. The mournful dove
Gives voice unto the feathered songsters' woe,
Where in the solitude the choristers,
That waked the echoes all the summer day,
Have ceased to warble and from bush to bush
Flit, calling to their mates in tree or hedge,
In plaintive notes, till warned by nipping frosts,
And falling leaves, they quit the cheerless scene
For groves of sunnier climes.

The flowers are dead!
Sweet Flora's perfumed offering to the year,
Stripped of their hues and fragrance, bend to earth,
With drooping heads and sear and withered leaves,
And to the sod consign the precious germs
Of bud and leaf in summers yet to come:

And seeking here their nectar, come no more
The roving bees that sipped their summer dew,
But linger fondly by their sweet supply,
Thriving by the industry of the past.
The drowsy hum of insect tribes has ceased,
Save where the cricket chirps his ancient lay
Amid the falling leaves that fill the world
When Æolus awakes with sonorous breath,
And makes his influence felt amid the grove.

Through evening mists the lurid sun descends
Behind the curtain of the flaming west,
Burning into the bosom of the night,
Beyond the shadows. Up the northern sky
The borealis rays in streams ascend,
Like sudden flashes from celestial fires,
Piercing the cold, blue solitude of heaven,
Then fade away and leave the sleeping earth
In silence and in darkness, till the moon
Showers her silvery shafts athwart the grove,
And from his haunt in some deserted tower,
The ancient owl proclaims his doleful reign,
And makes the solitude more solemn still.
A stillness creeps o'er Nature's gentle breast,
A painful quietude that awes the heart,
And lifts the soul midway 'twixt earth and heaven;
A silence solemn as when Death does come
Into the hall with unexpected tread,
Lays his cold, pallid hand on Beauty's breast,
Then stalks away and leaves us with the dead.
Dead, but so much of beauty still remains,

So calm, serene and tranquil the pale brow,
And so divine the fixed expression there,
That love while ministering its last sad rites,
Might doubt if Death a victor yet had been.
Thus on the freshness of fair Nature's charms,
Just when her beauty rounds to fuller grace,
There comes a silent influence in the night,—
A specter grim that walks the unseen shores
'Twixt life and death to touch with blight and change
The glory of the summer—change sublime.

Dear, pensive Autumn, 'mid these varying scenes,
These glorious vistas of the riper year,
I love to linger where the eye dilates
With rapture and with wonder, and the mind
Finds food for contemplation in those paths
Where Nature spreads her page of glowing truths.
With thee, fair goddess, let me here commune,
And set my heart and mind in true accord
With the great pulse-beats of the fount of life ;
Here contemplate the mutability
Of all material things, and find in change
Stern lessons from the leaves of life and death ;
Hear in each rustle of the falling leaves
Sad truths that find an echo in the heart,
Whose intimations of mortality
Thrill us with sober thoughts of what we are ;
Strip pride and folly of their gaudy wings,
And make us feel our kindred to the clay.

APRIL'S CONQUEST.

The blustering bully March strode o'er the land,
With challenge to the Southwind and the Sun,
And timid Spring, for rumors had begun
Of an invasion for his conquest planned ;
Chiding himself for having been too bland,
And dallying recklessly with bright-eyed Day,
Who, like Delilah, shore his locks away,
And with them half the terrors of his hand.
With horrid frown upon the hills he stood,
Darkening the heavens with his growing rage,
While April, tripping lightly as a page,
Came on to meet him in a joyous mood;
He bent to strike her with his icy spears,
But dropped them, for she stood all smiles and
tears.

LEAVING THE FARM.

Well, Tom, I suppose you are ready
To bid a good-bye to the farm:
I've sent John to harness up Neddy,
And you'd better take something warm;
'Tis quite a long ride to the city,
And rather a blustery day;
But, Tom, we just think it's a pity
You're bent thus on going away.

There's enough on the farm for us all, Tom,
There's plenty to eat and to wear;
'Tis true that our profits are small, Tom,
But we shall be willing to share.
There's little amusement or pleasure,—
Farm-life's a monotonous round;
But contentment, my boy is a treasure
That's more often sought for than found.

You see, Tom, I'm losing my vigor;
I can't swing the axe or the hoe,
Or cut in the harvest the figure
I did twenty-odd years ago:
And when I have fretted and hurried,
Your mother would cheer me and calm
By saying: "Now, pa, don't be worried;
You soon can depend upon Tom."

Last night she was up till near morning,
A mending and packing your clothes;
Your stockings, she said, needed darning,
They were out at the heels and the toes:
I didn't feel, somehow, like sleeping,
And so I just stayed awake, too,
And tried to keep mother from weeping,—
You know, Tom, she's anxious for you.

We talked of your new undertaking,
Your hopes and ambition to win;
And the thought set our two old hearts aching,
For the struggle you'll have to begin:
You're young, you know, Tom, and there's danger;
You know not the ways of the town;
There's many a snare for the stranger,—
There's many a cold word and frown.

Should you win by a manly endeavor
A full, honest meed of success;
And the world call you noble and clever,
Perhaps you may think of us less:
But though they may flatter you, Thomas,
With honors, there's no praise so warm
As the blessing that we shall send from us,—
From the lonely old folks on the farm.

But, Tom, should you meet with reverses,
And fail in the struggle to rise,
And instead of kind words get but curses,
Don't seek for amusement in vice:

Keep trying, my boy, for temptation
  Leads ever the idle to harm ;
And know, Tom, without invitation,
  We'll welcome you back to the farm.

But here you are waiting, and ready
  And anxious to be on your way ;
And John has just brought around Neddy
  Hitched up to the new Portland sleigh.
There ! do not take on so bad, mother ;
  I'm sure you need have no alarm,
For if Tom will be Tom and no other,
  We'll soon see him back to the farm.

Don't let what I've said set you grieving !
  You're young and must make your own
    way ;
The time-beaten parents you're leaving
  Have not long behind you to stay :
So we'll plod along uncomplaining,
  Though robbed of our comfort and joy ;
Our duty may set our hearts paining,
  But we'll bear for the good of our boy.

What's that, Tom? You've given up going?
  Well, if it's your pleasure to stay,
You surely will do so in knowing
  Your folks haven't stood in your way :
But since Neddy's fixed in his toggles,
  And a brisk sleighride still has a charm,
Suppose we drive round to Squire Goggles',
  And draw you a deed for the farm.

BE STILL, MY HEART.

Be still, my heart! why this unrest?
Still wouldst thou seek the lists of love?
Of what new raptures now in quest
Would'st thou with youthful folly rove?

Why further tempt upon the field
Love's arms in now unequal wars?
Thy shafts are blunt, thou hast no shield,
Save thine old, pitiable scars.

Thy fires from dying embers glow;
Why wouldst thou fan the sickly flame?
Its light can only serve to show
How Time can mightiest passions tame.

Beauty to thee may still seem kind;
'Tis deference for thy silver hairs;
Ah! Love with age grows doubly blind,
And more than youthful folly dares.

Seek now, my heart, some sage pursuit,
Leave tender conquests to the young;
Let not the world to thee impute
The doting mind, the senile tongue.

FILL UP THE BOWL.

Phillip, fill up the sparkling bowl!
There's madness lurking in my soul;
No longer can I dare to think;
Oh! let me drown all thoughts in drink!
My choice is now a drunkard's grave,
Or live in lunacy and rave.
And after all the glass may prove
Less dangerous than a woman's love;
For though it steal away my brain,
'Twill also numb my sense of pain;
Soothe the sharp pangs of vain regret,
And teach me Phyllis to forget.
Then fill the bowl! I must not brood
On love or woman's fickle mood;
The rich blood of the purple grape
Is cure for ills in any shape,
For let the worst come that may come,
It brings a blest delirium;
And who the rosy nectar quaff
At care and sorrow still may laugh.
Yet once again! I love to see
The ruby liquor sparkling free,
The beaker foaming to the brim,
The pledge of joy when hopes grow dim;
The precious boon then let me seize,
And drain it deeply to the lees;
Less bitter far its dregs will prove
Than those that lie in woman's love.

THE PAST.

Into the vast,
Illimitable past
Lead gently, Memory, for my heart is groping,
Clinging amid the night
To ruins of delight,
The airy castles once so bright through hoping,
Ere Time brought change too dark for mortal coping.

Among the stones
It seeketh here the bones
Of proud ambition, fond hope, holy feeling,—
The skeletons of joys
That ruthless Time destroys,
Whose ghosts as midnight visitants come stealing,
The losses of those tender years revealing.

Those martyred saints,
Whose faces Fancy paints
'Gainst the dark background, winged with thought,
come trooping.
How vivid and how real
The joy and pain I feel
While fond Remembrance cherished forms is
grouping!
To clasp them there my foolish heart is stooping.

TO THE MISSISSIPPI.

Great "Father of Water!" Proud parent of streams!
That through a wide continent pour'st thy broad flood,
From snow-covered hills of our dark northern wood
To vales where the sun showers tropical beams.

The wintry winds sang in the pines at thy birth,
Thy cradle was made in the snows of the north;
A small babbling brook you at first wander forth,
And grow to the mightiest river of earth.

In vain to dispute thy advance the hills stood,
Their proud, flinty barriers lie scattered around;
Where primeval silence awoke to the sound
Of Titans hurled down by thy conquering flood.

The sounds of the chase and the harsh notes of war
Have broken thy solitude; many a brave
Has found in thy blood-crimsoned waters a grave,
Since man, nature's tyrant, thy shores came to mar.

Now bright scenes of progress awake by thy stream;
The loud voice of contest has long ceased to roar;
Through civilization's wide-opening door
The bright stars of peace and prosperity beam.

To flourishing village or hamlet has grown
  The hunter's rude cabin, the pioneer's cot;
  And cities of thousands spring up on the spot
Where erstwhile the campfire of savages shone.

From mountain majestic, and broad, fertile plain,
  Through populous valley, by village and town,
  Thy deep, winding flood, to the sea sweeping down,
Bears on with its tide stately ships to the main.

The fleets of our commerce now darken your breast;
  The birchen canoe of the native is gone;
  His name by our lakes and our rivers lives on,
But the red-man has fled to the hills of the West.

Thy waters have called and a city responds;
  Man comes with the footsteps of thunder and fire;
  The lightnings flash o'er thee on pinions of wire,
And bridges stretch o'er thee their dark iron bonds.

To-day all the echoes of woodlands and hills
  Resound to our busy life's thunder and jars,—
  The roaring of engines, the rumble of cars,
The splashing of steamers, the clatter of mills.

The furrows of years on their fronts the hills show;
  The plain and the forest pay homage to change;
  But thou still the same through thy empire doth range
As when Time traced thy channel and bade thee to flow.

DISCONTENT.

The chains of tyranny, the despot's rule,
The spirit of oppression are no more;
Freedom has jostled monarchs from their thrones,
And dimmed the halo of imperial crowns;
Red-handed War, whose deadly thunders shook
The world with awful tempests, has swept past,
And the bright bow of promise bends o'er earth,
A covenant of peace. Fair Justice sits
Above the crumbled dynasties of wrong,
And in poised balance weighs to franchised men
The glorious heritage of equal rights,—
The patriot's legacy. The hideous night
Of superstition, bigotry and hate,
Has fled before the radiance of the dawn
Of knowledge, love and human brotherhood.
What, then, portends this strange, this wild unrest,
This wide commotion that awakes the world,
And stirreth up the nations? From afar
Resounds the tumult of the surging throng,
And near the hurrying feet of millions wake
The echoes on the mountains. The hills shake
With the pulsations of some throbbing force,—
Some Titan of the elements—newborn.
Vast engines thunder over land and sea,
And with the speed of thought Jove's arrows fly,—
The messengers of men.

The voice of Peace
Resounds where late was heard the battle-cry,
And the reverberation of her tones
In wide, majestic circles rushes on
Into the solitude of savage climes,
Breaking the silence of unpeopled shores.
Yet whither tend we? Have we not attained
The dream of all the ages? Is not ours
The glorious fulness of the promised day
The sages have foretold; to which all hearts
With hope have turned,—the blest millenial time
Of peace and rest and universal love?
No! love may be and peace and brotherhood,
But not supreme, for there shall still be wars,—
Contentions that prepare the way for good,
From the dark night of lethargy and woe,—
Oppression's night of ages, starts agog
The liberated world. To colonize
The new-found realms of knowledge, peace and good.
Men eager throng each unexplored domain,
Plant field and mart and busy commerce ply,
And move with wingèd wheels Progression's car.
Across the chasm of belligerent creeds
Blood-reddened hands are clasped in fellowship;
The wolfish hate has faded from men's eyes,
And Saturn's reign seems come to earth again.
But in the shadow of Advancement's wing
A restless specter lurks, in whose cold grasp
Lie the grim skeletons of hopes and joys,
By Disappointment in life's conflicts slain.

This specter stands upon the borderland
Of the untried, unknown, mysterious,
The terra incognita of the soul,
Contests each step of peace and joy and love,
Moves to disquietude calm happiness,
Palls sweetest pleasures, baffles fondest hopes,
And turns the heart from certain present good
To prospects still afar.
O'erlooking death,
And the soul's barrier of mortality,
We face the vast infinitude—we feel
Longings and aspirations to reach out
From our poor eminence of fragile clay
And clasp th' imperishable light of Truth.
The mind shall tire not, nor shall the heart faint
Upon the borderlands of unknown realms,
Unto whose mysteries the golden key
Is penetrating knowledge; nor shall man
Rest from his labors and declare them good
While there remains beneath him unknown depths,
Around him mysteries and above him heights,
Unfathomed, unexplored. These energies
Redeem us from the depths of savagery,
And make us moulders of our destinies,—
The forces that do compass fates of men.

Take the broad wings of Knowledge and ascend,
Explore the universe and weigh the stars,
Hold converse deep with Nature, and unveil
The awful mysteries of life and death!
Knowledge brings not contentment. Scale the heights

Where Fame on throne, star-garnitured, doth sit,
Bewildering with vague hopes and vain ambitions
Her votaries, whom she draws forever on,
Like the mirage upon Sahara's sands,
To ruin; or if some undaunted win
Those cloud-girt peaks, 'tis but at last to find
Them but the foot-hills of heights still beyond!
Unlock the treasures of the richest mines;
Snatch from the sea her pearls and precious gems;
Buy every pleasure, purchase every power,
And satisfy desire till the heart cloy;
In the drained cup Dissatisfaction lies.
Chase now those phantoms that we mortals call
By all the names of pleasure—gleams of bliss
That charm us with their novelty and pall
Upon our spirits from their emptiness!
To-day a wreath bedecks the brows of Love;
To-morrow withered garlands set with thorns.

Thus life is all unrest, unsatisfied
With the realities that take their forms
And colors from past ideals. Thus in all
And over all the restless spirit moves,
That turns us from the fancies of to-day
To new pursuits to-morrow. Thus the wheels
Of Progress are moved round toward the goal
Of human aspirations; thus by change
And Discontent shall we the good pursue,
With hopes more lofty and to ends more sure,
Riding the shifting tides and adverse winds
Of fate and circumstance, till we attain
The haven of our hopes—perfection full—
Beyond the visions of mortality.

THE NEWSBOY.

Whistling along the frosty street,
The wintry wind around him blowing,
Bravely facing the cold and sleet,
The newsboy on his round is going.
Rents there are in his hat and shoes,
And his jacket is thin,
Buttoned close to his chin;
But he cheerily calls, "Git yer *Evening News!*
All 'bout Russia expellin' the Jews!"

Sunshine or storm he plods along,
Bearing his papers, strapped to his shoulder,
Humming the fragment of some old song,
And hurrying on as the day grows colder.
Now in pursuit of a passing car,
To answer a hail
He swings up the rail,
With the cry of, "*Tribune!* Here ye are!
All 'bout nihilists shootin' the czar!"

Before a window, bright with toys
And childrens' faces with pleasure beaming,
He pauses to watch the girls and boys
At play by the fireside, warmly gleaming.

But turning, he wipes on his sleeve a tear,
Calling, "*Evening Journal!*
All 'bout Colonel
Fitz-patrick's murder, down at the pier!
Only two cents; git yer paper here!"

Now shivering by a sheltering wall,
His meager supper he draws from his jacket.
Ready to share with his comrades all,
Should there be any who happened to lack it.
From half-filled mouths the night is stirred
With cries of, "*News!*
'Bout shipwrecked crews!"
And now and then a laugh is heard
More pitiful than sorrow's word.

The rich man's dog has choicest meat,
His horse looks sleek in well-kept stable;
But the poor orphan on the street
Has scarce a crumb from off his table.
But he hears a gentle lady say
That God is just,
So he eats his crust,
And leaves the good and the rich to pray
For his soul, and plods on his hungry way.

'Tis a hard, stern school for the lad, I know,
But I seem to see through his rags a spirit
Of truth and worth,—the embryo
Of manhood large and generous merit,—

A spirit that o'er its barriers climbs;
And instead of the "*Times*"
That rhymes with crimes,
I hope in the future to hear the chimes
Of the times that rhymes with dollars and dimes.

When you cozily sit by your cheerful fires,
Conning the gems of news and story,
That throbbing minds and pulsing wires
Have gleaned in the world's great laboratory,
Would it add a pleasure to your gazette
To think what its joys
Have cost the boys
Who trudge along through the sun and wet?
Ah! Charity is but half-grown yet!

MEDIOCRITY.

Oh! be not mine the harsh decree of fate
To drudge obscurely in a low estate,
Slave of necessity, condemned to toil
Like a poor earthworm, burrowing in the soil;
My meager recompense the means of life,
That one day more I may maintain the strife;
Without one joy to quicken heart and breath;
Without one hope,—except the hope of death.
Still would I, as misfortune equal, shun
A giddy perch too near to glory's sun;
As eagles tempt too far the sunny sky,
And suffer worst when tempests hurtle by;
So they who climb, the cynosures of all,
Must feel the blow the deeper, when they fall.
Blest Mediocrity! in thee we find
Man's best estate for health and peace of mind;
The golden mean along which he may go,
Unscathed by the extremes of bliss and woe;
Neither to rouse the goaded rabble's hate,
Nor flourish in the shadow of the great.

MEDUSA.

Medusa, with a look of hopeless pain,
Gazing in silence on the billowy plain,
Wandered, disconsolate and ill at ease,
The gardens of the fair Hesperides.
In vain she yearned to see one mortal face,
And fly the fortunes of her deathless race,
Longing amid the twilight of the grove
For one dear look of pity or of love.
Upon her lay of death the mortal doom,
For which she tarried in the land of gloom,—
A land of twilight, by the sun unlit,
Where neither light nor shade the heavens emit,
But one unchanging gloaming in whose haze
She met none but the Gorgon sisters' gaze,
Who with cold stare and apathetic mien,
Augmented still the horrors of the scene.
Knit with dark pain was her still beauteous brow,
Her heart was heavy and her step was slow;
But still no tear lay glistening on her cheek,
For she was brave, and tears are for the weak:
And there are griefs that, burning through the years,
Dry up the fountains whence flow mortal tears;
Leave all the channels of affection bare,
And strew them with the wreckage of despair.
Yet not was she without one ray of hope,
That urged her still amid the shade to grope,—

Through dull monotony where ages range,
Nor bring the wearied sense relief in change.
But there was none whom tenderness might move;
No heart, save hers susceptible to love;
No bosom to be touched by human woe,
No eye to light with joy—with tears to flow.
The daughter of great Zeus she bespoke
In pity her fell sentence to revoke,
That she might look on human face again.
And die amid the sympathies of men.
Harsh was her fate, but harsher the decree
Athene gave to swell her misery,
When she imposed, with an avenging tone,
The fatal beauty that transformed to stone.
Yet uncorrupted by the goddess' art,
She still retained, unchanged, her gentle heart;
Still felt those pangs of mortal tenderness,—
Grief, pity, love—ah! who would live with less?
"Daughter of Zeus!" she in triumph cried,
"Hope in my bosom has not wholly died;
For though I suffer, you may not deny
The blest assurance 'tis my lot to die."
Ah! happy man, that from his loss below
There springs no immortality of woe;
That though the gorgons of pain, hate, despair,
Transform to stones the hopes we thought most fair,
Their triumphs cease with the departing breath,
One hope eludes them—'tis the hope of death.

MEDEA.

Medea, still, with all her art,
  Whose sorcery all but rivaled Jove's,
Had no palladium for her heart,
  And found her magic less than Love's.

Her merest words had power o'er gods;
  And mortal pain and human joy
Obeyed her frowns, her smiles, her nods,
  All but the dear rebellious boy.

The charms, the spells that baffled kings,
  And dragons tamed and firey bulls,
Not long could chain his restless wings,
  When Hymen's mandates he annuls.

With grief she saw her Jason rove,
  Who shunned her skill as superhuman,
Bewitched by a more mortal love,
  Whose frailties are the charms of woman.

She had the vengeance Helios
  Through gifts of dark enchantment taught her,
Yet rued her power and sighed through loss
  To be as man's weak, love-blest daughter.

And so through all the ages since,
  Though wealth or wisdom be her dower,
Her noblest conquests still evince,—
  In woman's weakness lies her power.

SCYLLA.

When Scylla stole the golden lock,
  Pledge of the gods to good King Nisus,
'Twas all for love she dared to mock
  The fates and urge a nation's crisis.

She paid for her perfidious art,
  When Minos, whom she hoped to wed,
Refused to trust her with his heart
  Who had profaned her father's head.

I think his judgment wise and fair;
  A timely moral's in the story,
Which teaches us to shun with care
  The conquest wrung from tresses hoary.

And still the Cretan's eloquence
  Some Magdalene may thus reprove:
"Thy gift was above recompense,
  And thou hast paid too dear for love."

When passion with absorbing flame
  Doth immolate its virtuous peer,
And with it reverence, honor, fame,
  Like Scylla, don't we pay too dear?

For virtue, like the lock of gold,
  Despoiled, no more its charms can prove;
And for whatever price 'tis sold,
  Has it a recompense, save love?

BE NOT THE FIRST TO THROW A STONE.

Well spake, of old, the virtuous Jew,
A wanton's fate hung on his tone,
"He who is sinless amongst you,
Let him be first to throw a stone!"

But we forget the lesson taught,
And, in self-righteous pride and folly,
Condemn the erring on the spot,
And 'gainst her bosom shower a volley.

With cold and Pharisaic mien
The helpless fallen we pass by,
And with a look to heaven, serene,
Our little virtues amplify.

Oh! if some hand could sweep the mask,
And of each heart the truth be known;
Then might we with the Nazarene ask,
"Who shall be first to throw a stone?"

And will we never learn, at length,
That virtue on her unscaled walls
May lack the beauty and the strength
Of virtue that in battle falls?

If love's a gift from heaven thrown,
And we are tried in courts above,
I feel that mercy will be shown
To those whose hearts have erred through love.

PAY AS YOU GO.

'Tis said for each blessing the gods give to man
The fates will demand the full pay of each one;
So when at the height of the pleasures you plan,
Don't be much surprised if they send you a dun.

You take upon credit the good you enjoy,
And long the account you are prone to let run;
But they come when their presence is sure to annoy,
Stalk in like the coalman and hand you a dun.

You may fume and protest at the length of the bill,
And put off the payment till some future day,
They are sure to return when you least think they will,
And just at the time you find hardest to pay.

Is love, fame or wealth by the gods to be let,
You want a job lot to be paid for on time;
A mortgage you give on you life for the debt,
Which is sure to fall due while you are yet in your prime.

You may dodge the fates long, but think not to
escape,
For time only adds to the ills you would shun ;
And you'll find your affairs in a desperate shape
When Death, the collector, comes in with his dun.

And, if it be true that for each thrill of bliss
You are sure to make pay in a pang of deep woe,
The maxim experience would teach you from this
Is: Be chary of pleasures, and pay as you go.

PATRIOTIC PÆONS.

'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,
And we are weeds without it.

—COWPER.

FREEDOM'S CORNER-STONE.*

Forced by oppression from kindred and home,
Oceans to traverse and deserts to roam,
Came Pilgrim Fathers, a resolute flock,
And founded our freedom on old Plymouth Rock.

CHORUS.

Freedom forever from sea to sea!
Liberty ruling, unfettered and free!
High as the heavens, as broad as a zone,
Her temple still rests on that old Corner-Stone.

England's green valleys were smiling and fair,
But persecution's dark shadow was there;
Bleak rose the rock from a dark wintry sea,
Yet dear to the Pilgrims, because it was free.

Lone in the gloom of the season they stood,
Deserts before them, behind them the flood;
There dedicated to Freedom and God,
And blessed the bleak rock that the tyrant ne'er trod.

* The poems in this collection, with the exceptions of "Old Glory," "The Flower of Freedom," and "Union," have been copyrighted and set to music by F. E. Belden, in "Echoes of Liberty," Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.

Dark Revolution has shaken proud thrones,
Kingdoms have fallen 'mid thunders and groans;
Freedom's firm structure survives the rude shock,
Founded and built on that rugged old rock.

Tyranny's annals shall soon be forgot;
Despots shall find in oblivion their lot;
In freemen's bosoms forever shall dwell
The memory of those who built freedom so well.

GOD SAVE THE PEOPLE.

Let bondsmen sing, "God save the king,"
And sue a tyrant's favor;
We freemen make the welkin ring
With truer songs and braver.
To Freedom's call and Freedom's cause
Our fathers all were loyal,
And made us all before the laws
A brotherhood most royal.

Oppression mocks the cries of hope;
The answer of the tyrant
Has been the gun, the block, the rope,
To liberty's aspirant.
Rebellion crouches for a spring;
What sceptered hand can brave him?
Well may they sing, "God save the king,"
There'll be none else will save him.

The chains that chafed the bondsman's heel
The freeman's arm is breaking,
And monarchs, terror-stricken, feel
Their thrones beneath them quaking;
The despot on the palace wall
Reads Freedom's burning letters,
And sees his crown and scepter fall
To mingle with slaves' fetters.

Columbia, hope of the oppressed,
The glory of the ages!
Sublime thy rule, thy sons how blest!
How bright thy history's pages!
Long may thy blood-bought freedom ring
From every cot and steeple;
And, hoping God has saved the king,
We'll sing, "God save the people!"

A CHAPLET OF ROSES.

Weave for the hero a chaplet of roses,
Garlands of glory let memory wreathe;
Far from the tumult of war he reposes,
Wrapt in the baldric of freedom beneath.
Blest by the love of his country he slumbers,
Numbered among her illustrious dead;
Chant the low dirge and the requiem's sad numbers;
Let the warm tears of remembrance be shed!

Come with no pageant, no vain ostentation ;
Bring but a tribute to manhood and worth ;
Due to the valor that saved us a nation,
Set a race free and brought peace to each hearth.
Prompt to her call when dissensions beset her,
Strong in defense of his country he stood ;
Broke from the arm of the bondsman his fetter,
Washed out the crimes of oppression in blood.

Martyr for freedom ! the hearts of reunion
Smother the hatred the dark conflict gave ;
Freemen in brotherhood's equal communion
Meet and pledge friendship and peace by your grave.
With you lies buried all bitter resentment ;
Sectional discords through intercourse cease;
Thoughts of rebellion are lost in contentment,
Cries of dissension in whispers of peace.

Hallowed the ground where our hero lies sleeping;
Sacred the turf of the patriot's dust ;
Give not his fame to the granite's frail keeping ;
Stones fall to ashes and metals to rust.
Deeply embalmed in his country's affection,
Time shall consign him from father to son ;
These shall not need the proud column's erection,
Freedom shall tell what her hero has done.

WHEN COLUMBIA AROSE.

When Columbia arose like a star from the ocean,
And shone like a gem on the bosom of night,
Earth's wise men beheld her with hope and devotion,
And nation's oppressed hailed her beams with delight.
Her heavenly refulgence, in glory transcending
The radiance that fell from her bright sister stars,
Shone far o'er the earth with a luster unending,
And lit the slave's face through his dark prison bars.

The hand of the despot was forging the fetter,
The sword of the warrior was crusted with gore;
They paused while the bondsman lisped freedom's first letter,
Saw liberty's face and were tyrants no more.
Blest shrine of the free and the hope of the nations!
To thee earth's oppressed from cursed tyranny flee;
They come to thy altars through dark tribulations,
And find in thy mild rule the boon of the free.

How bright are thine annals; how radiant with glory!
How grand is thy march on the crest of the years;

Thy sages extol thee, thy bards sing thy story,
Thy progress the heart of the patriot cheers.
Oh! may thy advancement in endless progression
Still lead the world on in the grand arts of peace;
Till tyrants and bigots shall find no possession,
And war's horrid thunders in love's music cease.

FREEDOM'S PERFECT DAY.

O, Freedom! thou dream of the sages!
The restless world's hope and desire;
The bright star of peace to the ages;
The slave's guiding pillar of fire;
From dungeons and chains of oppression,
The call of Advancement obey,
Find in nobler souls a possession,
And shine to thy more perfect day.

The martyr for human rights bleeding,
Presaging thy liberal rule;
The statesman thy cause warmly pleading;
The sage teaching truths of thy school;
The patriot each omen discerning,
Propitious for Liberty's sway;
The zealot with high purpose burning,—
All hasten thy more perfect day.

All men by thy suffrage now brothers,
To fuller fraternity grown,
Shall freely accord unto others
The rights each may claim for his own;
Now grandly their efforts uniting,
Advancing in glorious array,
The wrongs of the past ages righting,
They usher thy more perfect day.

No more shall our fellows enslave us;
No more shall the strong crush the weak;
The common rights just Nature gave us
Unchallenged by force we may seek.
The dictates of conscience and reason
Henceforth we may freely obey;
And count every action as treason
That hinders thy more perfect day.

The cause of Humanity shielding,
The warder of Progress advance;
Till Error and Prejudice, yielding,
Shall kneel and disarm at thy glance.
Truth, Justice and Mercy awaking,
Shall follow thy vigilant ray,
Till in brighter radiance breaking,
Shall greet us thy most perfect day.

WASHINGTON.

When Liberty from tyrants broke,
And sought in wilds her fanes to rear;
Columbia rose, a welcome spoke,
And gave the glorious exile cheer,
Who deemed the land, yet chained by none,
A fit abode for Washington.

And stepping westward from the flood,
She saw a world, vast, grand and free,
Of boundless plain and stream and wood,
And not one slave from sea to sea:
She viewed the land from sun to sun,
Then turned and fashioned Washington.

She cast him in her largest mould
Of heart and mind, a nature gave,
Unswayed by lust of fame or gold,
In impulse generous and brave.
That Tyranny might fear and shun,
And Freedom live through Washington.

When Despotism's servile hosts
Menaced her sons with slavery,
Columbia's voice rang through her coasts,
And bade one patriot rise to be
Her saviour. Hopeful in her son,
Then Freedom offered Washington.

And when his sword had saved his land
From bondage and oppression's chain,
Columbia sought as firm a hand
To guide her sons in peace again:
A million voices spake as one,
And gave the rule to Washington.

He shamed the tyrants who oppress;
His land became the patriot's home;
And grateful millions came to bless,
And untold millions yet shall come:
Fame on her dome keeps writing on,
High o'er the rest, "George Washington."

And worthy souls in other climes
Spell out the letters from afar;
Rise strong against oppression's crimes,
And freedom gain through righteous war:
Illustrious deeds have heroes done
To emulate our Washington.

THE FLOWER OF FREEDOM.

Her emblems Britain proudly shows,—
The rose and thistle on the same rock;
In vales of France the lily blows,
And Erin twines her wreaths of shamrock;
Columbia, younger sister, fair,
Though she in glory's chase may lead 'em,
Still lacks, to deck her golden hair,
That posy, emblem of her freedom.

Yet hosts of rivals press their claims;
Now 'tis the corn and now the cotton;
The golden-rod and other names,
Which happily are soon forgotten;
So thick they spring around her feet,
The riot act she'll have to read 'em,
For none she yet has chanced to meet
Is quite expressive of her freedom.

Yet, dear Columbia, there's a flower,
(The hint I give is patriotic),
That should adorn your every bower,
Though 'tis as yet a fair exotic;
Down in Tahuantepec it grows,
Though you the plants might slip, or send 'em;
Red, white and blue the blossom blows,
Say, is not that the flower of freedom?

OLD GLORY.

Oh, glorious hues! may ye ne'er lose
A single stripe or star!
Nor yet decrease in days of peace
More than in storms of war;
Who can behold that sheet unfold,
Nor feel his spirit start,
Nor for his land his love expand,
Has sure no patriot's heart.

I love to see it floating free,
Caressed by every breeze;
And think, with pride, those colors ride
In triumph o'er the seas.
Where'er it waves you'll find no slaves,
For once they see it fly,
Men swear to be from henceforth free,
Or 'neath that emblem die.

You who have roved from all you loved,
Emblems of power to view,
Did you not pain to see again
The old red white and blue?
And when on high it met your eye,
You scorned each foreign rag,
And joyful cried with tears of pride,
"Long wave the dear old flag!"

DON'T SCOLD THE BOYS.

Don't scold the dear boys for making a noise!
Cheer on, my brave fellows, cheer louder,
And fire off your guns like patriots' sons;
For Freedom was born amid powder!
Shame, shame! on us all, if we fail to recall
Dear Liberty's glorious battle,
Or frown on the zeal that young spirits feel,
Because we're disturbed by their rattle.

When Freedom arose, beset by her foes,
Her cause had few patriots to back it;
The king told our boys he wanted less noise,
Our forefathers made such a racket;
For they rang every bell with Tyranny's knell,
And shouted out Liberty's fiat;
So loud were their drums, so perplexing their bombs,
The king found them hard to keep quiet.

For Liberty gave to each a heart brave,
Few cowards from duty were slipping;
They were not the boys to make a great noise,
And calmly take tyrannous whipping.
They stood by their rights through stormiest fights,
And asked but a musket to plead 'em;
And when through the smoke Columbia's smile broke,
They greeted her walking with Freedom.

Great Washington's fame with Arnold's foul
name
Would sink to oblivion blacker,
Did people not find to waken the mind
The snap of the boy's firecracker.
So boast of your zeal for America's weal,
And shout through the whole Declaration,
But depend on the boys with their annual noise,
For patriots to rouse up the nation.

UNION.

(TUNE—MARSEILLES HYMN.)

Let factions cease their discord brewing,
Upon the fires of party strife;
With malcontents those themes pursuing
For which a nation poured its life!
For which a nation poured its life!
Across the chasm, dark with slaughters,
Let's bind the union, band by band,
Where brothers clasping hand in hand,
Pledge peace to all her sons and daughters!
The truce fraternal keep;
All dark dissensions fled;
Nor rashly rend anew the wounds
From which our fathers bled.

Boast not with pride of martial glory
In triumphs stained by kindred blood!
While patriots shudder at the story
Of fields where late in arms they stood;
Of fields where late in arms they stood.
Hushed are the cries of orphans' wailing,
And ceased have widows' tears to flow;
The nation rallies from the blow,
With love and amity prevailing.
Defenders of one land,
One glorious brotherhood!
United may we ever stand,
And guard the common good!

All honor to the men of daring!
To those who won and those who lost!
For lofty purpose grandly warring,
Ah! they of all men know the cost;
Ah! they of all men know the cost;
But, shame! to all the sordid placemen
Who sectional aversion flame;
Make capital of wrong and shame
Through prejudices that disgrace men!
One people and one flag,
Columbia, be thy boast;
In union grand one glorious land,
And free from coast to coast.

Our glorious prestige as a nation
  Can we maintain with all who come,
If we but hide disintegration,
  And factions rend our peace at home?
  And factions rend our peace at home?
No! save in concord, broad, fraternal,
  No hope, no safeguard have the free;
  But on the rock of unity
Shall Freedom stand, sublime, eternal.
    Then let us, South and North,
    Incorporate go forth,
And make the land for which we stand
    The glory of the earth!

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